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Radioactive Cabbages and Kings

No one would guess from Duncan Sandys' reply to Aneurin Bevan on Tuesday that the question of ending nuclear tests, or indeed of disarmament as a whole, is serious. Jokes about wearing kilts do not refute the scientifically established facts that (a) a war using H-bombs would end life over large areas of the earth and perhaps over the whole of it; and (b) the concentration of nuclear fall-out from tests increases the genetic hazards – the polite phrase for adding to the number of imbeciles and malformed children born into the world. Scientists cannot, in the nature of things, tell us exactly how great the hazards are. That they are real we know, for instance, from the effects of fall-out on plants in areas of the world, including the north of England, thousands of miles from the places where tests are held. As a way of catching the headlines in the morning papers, it was also smart of Mr Sandys to restate the argument of the idealists that a world government is the only ultimate solution. It served to divert attention from the immediate job of lessening the dangers in which we all stand.

While Mr Sandys was bulldozing the House of Commons, in the White House Eisenhower and Macmillan have, we are told, enjoyed a ramble over all subjects under the sun. They have talked of shoes and ships and sealing wax, radioactive cabbages, dethroned kings and whether American sputniks have wings. There is some reason to think that Mr Bevan was right in saying that it is rather Britain than the US which is now dragging her feet about ending the tests. And this for good reasons. Even the Pentagon can see that, if the US and the USSR are both in a position to destroy each other, there can be no point in spending vast sums on discovering how to do it ten times over; and on this point the US, which is just completing a long series of tests may, for the time at least, be satisfied. We often forget too that there is in America, as well as in Europe and the rest of the world, a deep disquiet about the effects of adding to radioactivity. The coming technical discussions at Geneva, during which Britain is also likely to complete her tests, may therefore perhaps lead to a halt.

To stop the tests even for cynical reasons, would be a good thing in itself and it would improve the atmosphere for reopening the main argument about disarmament and inspection between the great powers. Is there, in the meantime, nothing further that a sane British government could do? Are the campaigners for nuclear disarmament just sentimentalists and impractical pacifists if they wish to go further?

It does not seem so to us. The most immediate danger today is the threat of spreading nuclear arms to the countries which are not now members of the suicide club. Mr Dulles seems actually to believe that the world is divided into the hosts of God and those of Satan. The good powers are those that are, nominally at least, members of Nato and Seato and the Baghdad Pact; the evil powers seem to include those which are not committed against the Communist bloc. It is hard to believe that any intelligent politician can believe that Turkey and Greece are thinking in terms of war against Russia rather than between themselves; that Pakistan wants arms except against India; or that the Arab powers are not obsessed by their hatred of Israel. Once nuclear weapons are widely spread, the hope of any serious disarmament has gone. Moreover, it is idle to pretend that American control over nuclear arms in Germany is a safeguard against their use by the only just submerged forces of German militarism. If France, too, becomes a nuclear power, it will be largely because the French, humiliated during the last 18 years, wish again to become 'great' – or at least as great as Britain or West Germany. Both in Germany and in France there is a strong public feeling against nuclear arming, and in both countries realists know that a switch from conventional to nuclear arms means financial bankruptcy and a practical weakening of their conventional forces. If, therefore, the British were to announce their intention of ceasing to be a nuclear power and to call a conference of powers which still are free from the nuclear incubus, they could expect an immediately favourable response to their invitation. Britain could lead a revolt against the monstrous absurdity of a world in which security is supposed to depend on everyone having the means of totally destroying his neighbours.

Comments on the Week's News

De Gaulle's Tug-of-War

The resolution passed by the Committee of Public Safety in Algiers last Tuesday is correctly interpreted as a gesture of personal defiance towards General de Gaulle. It fits in well with the public demonstrations in favour of Soustelle and Massu which greeted the general on his visit to Algeria, and with the insolent action of the Committee of Public Safety in restraining M. Lejeune and M. Jacquinot from making public appearances beside de Gaulle. These are no doubt the forerunners of many such incidents in the next few weeks. It is clear that, before de Gaulle can re-assert the full authority of the metropolitan government, he faces a long tug-of-war with the insurgents, who are at present governing Algeria almost independently of Paris. What is much less clear is the strength or weakness of de Gaulle's position. Before his investiture it was generally assumed that he would at least be stronger than any other Prime Minister because he could count on the personal loyalty of the army. This now seems uncertain. Disquieting reports are reaching Paris that de Gaulle was shocked to find on his recent visit to Algeria that the army leaders were far more loyal to the idea of the Algerian revolt than to his personal authority. If this proves to be true, it lends point to many of the forebodings which greeted de Gaulle's coming to power. No sensible person believes that de Gaulle himself is a Fascist-minded man; but he is a man seeking to ride a whirlwind. If he secures the loyalty of the army, he may eventually be strong enough to bring the situation under control. If he does not, he will either have to resist both the army and the *ultras*, in which case he will be little better off than the wretched Pflimlin, and will probably go the same way. Or he will be obliged to make increasing concessions to the will of the Public Safety Committees, in which case he will become increasingly the prisoner of determined revolutionaries who are the real enemies of democracy. De Gaulle's first reaction is encouraging. He has rebuked General Salan and the Algiers Committee for its 'unfortunate and ill-timed resolution'.

Busmen and the TUC

How long must the busmen stay out? Last week Mr Cousins rejected Sir John Elliot's small concession, which offered a pay review for the outer-London men and a promise that if any increase was proposed it would be backdated to 2 July. The least the busmen were ready to accept was 8s. 6d. for the central London crews, dated from 12 March, and a definite agreement that there will be an increase for the remainder from the date when work is resumed. At the same time, Mr Cousins asked the TUC for 'a full withdrawal of labour' if the Transport Workers requested it. He was refused. He then asked if there would be any 'support for limited action'. Again he was refused. He has now asked for financial assistance, and on Monday he said at Brighton that he expects to get this from other unions. In short, the busmen have been told that they must continue to go it alone because the TUC leaders feel that an extension of the strike might provoke drastic intervention by the government and, possibly, new anti-strike legislation. If Mr Cousins had been willing to hand over control of the strike to the TUC, the General Council might have taken a stronger line. But, if it was asked to handle the negotiations, it would insist on the right to settle it on such terms as it thought best – the point that caused the trouble with the miners in 1926. Mr Cousins, however, preferred that the dispute should remain under the control of his own union. Since he and his members have been singled out for attack – whatever Mr Macleod may say – he no doubt felt that it would be a confession of weakness if he merely grabbed at the first face-saving formula. Though he used his influence to prevent any immediate extension of the strike, he then took the precaution of getting a pledge of support from his members in the London power stations. This, it seems, led to his meeting with Mr Macleod on Wednesday, 'to see if he could help us in any way to get out of this stalemate'. But Sir John Elliot has refused to budge.

Strikes or Settlements?

The unofficial strikes at Smithfield and in the London docks have complicated the industrial pattern, not least because so many of the men involved are members of the T & GWU. But in this case the union is doing its best to get the men back to work The history of this dispute is tortuous – an unofficial strike that started with lorry drivers demanding more pay because the speed limit had been raised from 20 to 30 mph has, at fourth hand, brought out 20,000 dockers. But behind the argument about the use of unregistered labour lies a simple point. The dockers are more given to sympathetic strikes than any other industrial group, and the trouble started when they felt that they were being asked to handle meat that was 'blacked' by the Smithfield dispute. If the Smithfield dispute were official, their case would have been a strong one, established in trade union practice. But the trouble at Smithfield is unofficial, and they have therefore gone outside existing agreements: it was their action that provoked the use of clerks and warehousemen which led to the larger strike against the use of unregistered men. Part of the discontent in the docks, of course, arises from the employers' second rejection of the dockers national wage claim – one of a dozen large-scale claims now in negotiation. Is the government going to hold the line against them all – or are they going to let all of them except the busmen get the 3 per cent given to the railwaymen? In a few months, manual workers for local authorities – to name the most important – will be coming to the point of decision.

What Sort of Partnership?

The electoral victory of Sir Edgar Whitehead and his United Federal Party in Southern Rhodesia is less significant than the increase in the number of seats won by the extremist Dominion Party and the complete defeat of Mr Garfield Todd and his supporters. The United Federal Party won its narrow majority over the Dominion Party only as a result of the preferential vote system, which enabled Mr Todd's supporters to choose it as the lesser evil. The electoral results show, however, that about a half of the Southern Rhodesian electorate supports the Dominion Party. It would be wrong to assume that at present these supporters are all in favour of apartheid. Nevertheless, it is true that all those who believe in apartheid are to be found in this camp, and that the members of the Dominion Party are determined to retard the political progress of Africans. Their attitude to African education is, for instance, a significant pointer: 'educationally,' they say, 'the African should receive a training that will . . . make him a useful, not a dangerous member of society'. In this context all Africans who agitate for equal rights with Europeans are 'dangerous'. The defeat of Mr Todd and his colleagues, and the fact that they polled such a small vote, clearly demonstrate that even moderate, evolutionary liberalism is totally unacceptable to the vast majority of Southern Rhodesians. This is particularly significant in the context of the federal elections, which are to be held in a few months time, and at which the claim will be made for an independent status for the Federation which would result in handing over seven million Africans to the Europeans. The pretence that European politics is based on racial partnership is now baldly exposed. The fate of the new Whitehead government could hardly be more unsure. Middle of the road temporising with the racial issue in a country with a vast African majority led to the downfall of the United Party in South Africa when it failed to appease the fears of the whites. Nothing less than a bold attempt to secure genuine support from a large section of emerging Africans – which necessitates the declared objective of full democracy and a continual movement towards it – is likely to offset the defections of race-timid Europeans.

Next Step at Little Rock

As the school year ends in Little Rock, the last of the national guardsmen who were called out last September are being withdrawn. It has cost $4.5 million to keep the troops in Little Rock for nine months – enough, it is pointed out, to have built two new high schools – in order to enforce the court ruling that the nine Negro children be admitted. What next? Will more Negro children seek admission in September, and will the federal government once again uphold their right to enter Central High? This is now in doubt. The school board is asking the federal court to suspend its decree until September 1961, saying that the unrest has made it difficult to 'maintain a satisfactory educational programme' and that there have been almost daily incidents which 'make it exceedingly difficult for teachers to teach and pupils to learn'. The board remarks that it 'is the victim of extraordinary opposition on the part of the state government and apathy on the part of the federal government'. Washington, it complains, put the troops in but did nothing to suppress 'interference now being encountered' or to apply 'penal sanctions to any of the persons who formed into groups in the school grounds'. There is a further obstacle ahead. Governor Faubus is running for re-election on the promise that he will seek legislation permitting him to close any school where federal troops are used to enforce desegregation. If the court insists that its ruling stand, the troops may return – to a school which is already closed.

NEXT WEEK

Nuclear Campaign Report

by A. J. P. Taylor

News from Our Own Correspondents

Paris

Through a Glass Darkly

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Interpreting General de Gaulle's words in Algiers last week has kept political circles in Paris guessing. To uncompromising anti-Gaullists, the new Prime Minister seems to have accepted the thesis of the Algerian *ultras* – an intensification of the war with the FLN and an eventual suppression of democratic institutions in France. To moderate Gaullists, the General's words suggest that he has taken the army in hand, put the *ultras* in their place, and so taken the first step towards re-establishing Republican authority in France. De Gaulle's left-wing supporters even believe that they can detect a hint of future conversations with the Algerian Nationalist leaders. Finally the *ultras* themselves, judging from reports reaching here from Algeria, are unconvinced and still suspiciously determined to keep up their pressure to force de Gaulle to carry out their policy and not to oppose the setting up in metropolitan France of Committees of Public Safety, which could provide the skeleton of a single party system and complete the work which was begun on 13 May. All this is speculation. The great variety of interpretations of the General's Algerian utterances is based partly on wishful thinking by each of the lobbies concerned: everybody hopes that by choosing an interpretation to suit himself he will somehow manage to dictate the General's policy. But there is a further point. De Gaulle was considerably surprised and shocked by the tough reception he received from the Committee of Public Safety in Algiers. The ambiguity in his speeches was at least in part an intentional response to this.

Apart from all this, de Gaulle's visit to Algeria has demonstrated one profoundly important fact: outside political circles, the mass of Frenchmen are pretty favourably impressed by his speeches. Algerian 'experts' know that integration as a policy is out of date, has no chance of success, and is in any case beyond France's means. But for the 'Don't-knows', de Gaulle's speeches sound more courageous and more reasonable than those of any of his predecessors. He is after all the first Prime Minister to concede that the Algerians had some right to revolt against a system 'which denied them dignity, the means to live, and the birthright of a native land'.

The lesson for the left from this first week of Gaullist France ought to be clear. It is no good counting on any spontaneous revolt in the country against de Gaulle, nor on an open split between de Gaulle and the *ultras*. His authority, which is based on the deep-seated anti-parliamentary prejudice of the French public, will easily carry him over the next six months of emergency powers. If the Fifth Republic, which is to be created during this period, is to conform to the wishes to the left, the left must present to all Frenchmen its own plan for the future. After all, the Popular Front before the war did not come about merely to defend the status quo against the Fascist Leagues. It inspired public enthusiasm for such concrete propositions as the 40-hour week, a system of national insurance and so on. In the same way today, it is not a scrap of use saying that the Gaullist policy in North Africa is futile, without putting forward a practical alternative. The French working class will not rally to the defence of a parliamentary regime (which has already been abandoned by those principally interested, the deputies) unless they can be offered constitutional proposals which will assure them both Republican liberty and social justice.

Washington

Storm Signals in California

Whatever political capital Vice-President Nixon piled up by bravely enduring the stones and spittle of Latin America seems to have been wiped out in his home state of California. Less than a month ago his triumphant return to Washington, the bipartisan welcome, and the hero's procession appeared to seal the Republicans' choice of a presidential nominee for 1960. The quip of the day was that Democratic Senator Kennedy, whose yearning for the White House is as great as Nixon's, was demanding equal time in Venezuela.

In any circumstances a presidential candidate should be reasonably sure of carrying his own state and downright certain of the full support of its delegation to his party's convention. When the state is as dominant as California, which now presses New York for honours as the prize electoral package of the country, these two qualifications are all the more obvious. Yet the results of last week's primaries, for governor and senator of that state, show that the Republican Party would do well to seek its certainties elsewhere, for it now looks as if, Nixon or no Nixon, California is hell-bent for the Democrats.

Ordinarily a primary of this sort would have little significance beyond the bounds of the respective parties, but such are the vagaries of Californian election laws that a Republican candidate may seek the Democratic nomination as well as his own party's and a Democrat may similarly try for Republican honours. Hence the primary is not only an internal party affair but an unofficial preliminary election. In this year's free-for-all, the Republican Knowland, now running for governor, won his own party's designation easily enough but made a poor showing in his bid for the Democratic nomination as well. On the other hand, his opponent, Attorney General Edmund G. Brown, not only swept the Democratic primary but cut deeply into the Knowland vote as the choice of Republicans. Since, at least in recent years, a Republican can carry the state only if he wins over to his side a sizeable number of Democrats, the reverse picture in the primary gives promise of a big Democratic victory in California.

Naturally Democratic leaders are jubilant, and even neutral observers talk about the coming 'landslide'. Knowland himself, in the tradition of candidates, dismisses the primary as merely the 'first skirmish', but party officials in the state admit that the 'defection' in their ranks is the worst in 26 years and have sent out a worried call to 'close ranks'. They are clearly aware that if Knowland goes down in November, taking with him Goodwin Knight, the party's candidate to succeed him in the Senate, the consequences will reach far beyond the boundaries of California.

Such an eventuality would, for one thing, reduce to zero the influence of the party's leading and most respected conservative, its present leader in the Senate and heir to the toga of the late Robert A. Taft. Knowland's forced retirement would incidentally give the party second thoughts about the desirability of freezing labour into a hard political opposition, a course which the Senator has bluntly pursued. More than that, it would severely compromise the position of Mr Nixon, who in the interests of party harmony and his own honest ambitions has given strong personal support to both Knowland and Knight. A Democratic sweep in California would not only be interpreted as a dangerous sign of his own weakness, but it would probably send to the next Republican convention a California delegation torn between factional leaders.

Strangely enough, the man who stands to benefit most from a Republican debacle in California is Senator Kennedy, in far-off Massachusetts. As Governor of the nation's second-largest state and commander of its delegation, Pat Brown, as he is known, would be a power at the Democratic presidential convention. Like Kennedy a moderate liberal and a Catholic, he is reliably reported to have enjoyed considerable financial aid in his campaign from former Ambassador Joseph P. Kennedy, the Senator's father. Should the normal promptings of gratitude prevail, California will have proved more fruitful for Kennedy than Venezuela for Nixon.

ROBERT BENDINER

Westminster

The Biggest Issue

When we had last met we were immersed in buckets. But on Tuesday, after 17 days recess, we were able, temporarily, to put away childish things. Malta, Cyprus, coal distribution, the bus strike – even though Mr Mellish, despite a series of detonations, was unable to excavate any news about trouble in the docks, the House of Commons *did* use Question Time to probe into some big issues of the day. And then it got down to the biggest issue of all. Or did it?

Mr Aneurin Bevan not merely opened, but opened out, the disarmament debate by at once disputing the established thesis that agreements for disarmament must be preceded by political settlements. Whatever may have been true in the past, he said, nuclear weapons were themselves so horrible that the peoples of the world, even though unable to agree politically, were yet coming to agree that these weapons must be controlled and, if possible, abolished. But the British government, he said, was dragging its feet at the tail end of this movement. He then read out, item by item, the offers, rejections and counter offers which had passed between East and West since 10 May 1955, an impressive indictment of the American and, still more, the British government.

The long recital was a little tedious. It at times made one yearn for the American practice of formally circulating sections of speeches in the official report. But Bevan, quite rightly, was determined that both parliament and public should get the facts clear. It was therefore all the more unfortunate that Hansard failed to report this part of his speech. For the first time in my experience, some five columns were omitted, presumably in binding; and this mischance meant that Bevan's careful homework may in the end get as little notice from members as it did from Mr Duncan Sandys or from the Conservative press.

Sandys is a Maginot Line type of speaker. His positions are always prepared beforehand and when an unexpected situation develops he meets it by ignoring it. The best he could do now was to poke his head over the rampart and put out

his tongue – 'Mr Bevan thinks that everything the Russians do is right and that everything we do is wrong' – and then loose off into the stratosphere the howitzers he had been painstakingly polishing for the past fortnight. He paid little or no attention to the thesis that disarmament could be achieved even without political settlement or to the fact that the suspension of tests had become practical politics. Instead he read out a nice little piece about the desirability for world government, a piece which seemed neither better nor worse than the one I myself wrote 40 years ago on a half sheet of exercise paper in the prep school essay competition. He was repeatedly pressed to pay some attention to current possibilities. Mr Philip Noel-Baker, for example, asked him whether the government still stood by its own 1954 proposals for a reduction of conventional weapons. But this was not in the brief. He could not say yes. He could not say no. So he did say: 'What I am about to say has, perhaps, some relevance to the right honourable gentleman's question'. 'But is it an answer?' said Mr Denis Healey in a despairing voice. He soon found out. Sandys went on playing the rich man's Henry Usborne to the end.

Altogether this was a curious speech. Sandys seemed obsessed with things which he thought could be done in five years' time, which less optimistic people think might perhaps be done in 50 years' time and which the bulk of his own party hope will never be done at all. But he did not seem at all interested in what could be done now and sometimes seemed to suggest that it did not much matter whether something was done now or not. Indeed, with some faint echo of Aldermaston coming to his ears, he thought it well to provide us with a sense of proportion about the hazards of radiation due to fall out. By the time he had done that, we had the impression that it was far less dangerous to explode hydrogen bombs than it was to wear trousers and that the main hope for the human race was to wear kilts.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU

Fleet Street

Sweet Coz

The leader writers of the national press must be wondering whether Mr Frank Cousins can read. They have proved to him so often that he is beaten, that by every rule of newspaper warfare he ought to be dead or on his knees long ago. But the man is still on his feet. He has no sense of what is proper.

It is difficult in fact to recall an occasion when so heavy and continuous a barrage has been conducted by the press against one man. Most of it is now not only bent on his destruction, and was in consequence jubilant over the 'rebuff' from the TUC, but wants also, if possible, the break up of his union. This latter theme first appeared in a *Daily Express* leader early on in the strike. It has now found strong supporting voices elsewhere, although not all are agreed how the work of partition should be done. The *Manchester Guardian* seems to want the TUC to do it, and the *Sunday Times* agrees with the *Guardian* – it is rare to find these two allies – 'the root of the problem', it proclaimed, 'is the structure of the Transport and General Workers Union of which Mr Cousins finds himself a prisoner'. The *Telegraph* has been even more uncompromising. 'It is time,' according to it, 'to say in public what many are saying in private. . . . It has become so large that it is a danger not only to its members whose interests cannot be protected all at once, but to the public which has to suffer the consequences of its activities. The age of the dinosaur is gone.' As for the *Express*, it has been directing a good deal of its energies day by day in the conduct of a campaign designed to persuading the London busmen to start a breakaway union – forgetting possibly just how militant and aggressive was the last breakaway movement among London busmen – until Ernest Bevin decided to kill it stone dead and expel its leaders from the union and their jobs. It wants, in fact, separate unions for the dockers, the meat-lorry men, the bus drivers and practically every other group in the Transport and General Workers Union – leaving Mr Cousins with nothing much but an office and a secretary to dictate his surrender to.

As often happens when the *Express* is engaged in campaigning, its leader writers have also been given the assistance of a good deal of close razor-work in the news columns. When the *Express* goes for a man it goes for him in a big way. All is mud that comes to its mill. Hotel bills especially. The *Express* has had its leg-men on Mr Cousins' tail ever since the strike started. On Monday one of them came up with just what the editor ordered: 'The Night Mr Cousins Stayed At The Randolph'. 'Less than an hour after Mr Frank Cousins addressed a meeting in Oxford last night to raise cash for his striking busmen,' opened the story dramatically, 'he returned with his wife, eight trade union colleagues and their wives to the four-star Randolph Hotel for supper.' So what!, one is inclined to say. The man has to eat. But the eating habits of trade union negotiators – although not those they meet in negotiation – are of perennial interest to the *Express*.

Mr Cousins and his colleagues, we were told, had cold salmon washed down with hock, which seems very civilised. There were coffee and liqueurs available to follow. And the bill? Quite properly the manageress refused to tell the *Express*. However, the *Express* has its own methods. The total bill for the 18, it told its readers, including the overnight charge and the supper, was £97. This seems pretty expensive – especially in half-crowns which, as the *Express* pointedly reported, was what Mr Cousins was asking from his members as a special weekly contribution to help the bus strikers. No doubt the *Express* hopes that it will do Mr Cousins a deal of harm, and no doubt it will with those who already dislike him. But are we to have Sir John Elliot's dinner bill too?

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

Double a Number

REPEATED assurances by senior government officials that as a nation we need to double within ten years the number of scientists and engineers emerging from our universities and technical institutions, are usually accepted without much question. Now, Sir Solly Zuckerman, in the current issue of *Universities Quarterly*, has subjected the practicability of this target to a searching examination. His calculations are complicated; but they are worth setting out in some detail because of the importance and unexpectedness of his conclusion.

Sir Solly's analysis starts from the assumption that about half the scientists and engineers whose numbers are to be doubled by the end of the 1960s will come from the universities, and the other half from the technical institutions. This means that the universities will have to turn out about 11,000 science graduates every year, in place of the present figure of about 4,500. This in turn means that the total population of science and engineering students in the universities will have to rise to about 50,000. Assuming that the present balance between science and engineering and other faculties is approximately maintained, this would lead to a demand for round about 124,000 university places.

All those places would have to be filled from Sixth Forms – as would a proportion of places in the technical institutions and the whole of the teachers training colleges. In the year 1955-56 the total Sixth Form output, under these three headings combined, seems to have been about 37,000. By the late 1960s, if the plan is to be realised, that number will need to be between 53,000 and 56,000. Whether this is possible depends on a number of factors, not all of which are calculable. It is certain for instance, that the 17-year-old age group will reach its peak figure in the academic year 1964-65. What is less certain is whether the proportion of the 17-year-olds staying on at school will continue to rise at the rate of about 5 per cent. each year, as it is doing at present. If it does, it will provide a Sixth Form population of about 110,000 in 1967-68; and this – if the existing proportion of those continuing in full-time further education is maintained – would give a total of about 66,000 going on to higher education. More than 10,000, in other words, too many for the places that will be available.

Thus it is a safe guess that there will be even more frustration among Sixth Formers in ten years' time than there is today, when only three out of every five applicants for university places can gain admission; and it is to be feared that this sense of frustration may considerably reduce the number of 17-year-olds who stay on at school. Moreover to increase the number of maintained grammar-school places in Sixth Forms from today's 36,500 to 80,000 in ten years' time is a staggering task.

Sir Solly's authoritative analysis should now bring home once and for all to those who have become obsessed with the desire to simulate the wonders of technical education in the USSR, that to talk about these ambitious targets without allowing for the statistical limitations built in to our own existing system is just about as scientific as to 'think of a number and then double it'.

The Yugoslav Road

THERE are two questions which must be asked by anyone who seeks to understand what, in current jargon, is called the Yugoslav road to Socialism. First, in what respects does it diverge from the road taken in the Soviet Union and the other Communist states? Secondly, in what respects has it genuinely broken new ground and achieved results of interest to Socialists elsewhere? Both questions relate to the same problems, but the first is much easier to answer than the second, for the differences with the Soviet Union have been well documented over the last ten years. In foreign policy they have been particularly marked: the Yugoslav attitude towards the UN, to the non-committed countries, to the arms race and bloc politics, and to the economic assistance from the West are but a few points on which Tito has differed from both Stalin and Krushchev. The ideological differences have also been clearly defined, and of these the most important are the Yugoslav views on the character of contemporary capitalism, on the ways in which the transition to Socialism may be achieved, on the role of the Communist Party, and on the theory of the State.

To these the visitor to Yugoslavia may add some personal impressions. The Yugoslavs have dispensed with many of the superficial stupidities that have persisted too long in eastern Europe – the passion for badges, slogans, shock-brigades, dull realist art, for planning everything down to the amount of fish to be landed on a given day or the number of cups of coffee that a café will serve on a given evening. They have been quicker to recover from the adolescent notion that monumental projects are proof of 'Socialist construction', though they have had their share of this: the delay in building a new station and a new airport for Belgrade shows a better sense of economic priorities than the earlier rush to erect such prestige buildings as the hotel in Titograd, the station at Sarajevo and the new government offices which were sited at immense cost on the Danube mudflats at Belgrade. And even if the recovery is a slow process – the cost of apartment houses, for instance, is still far too high – at least the design of factories and housing schemes is now imaginative and pleasing, and something is being done to bring their cost into line with the country's resources. There are, moreover, subtle differences that are harder to describe precisely but stem, for instance, from the presence of thousands of foreign tourists, from the circulation in fair quantities of western books, magazines and newspapers, and from the influence of foreign radio bulletins.

There are, of course, some obvious reasons for this. The most important, perhaps, is the fact that the revolution was made from within Yugoslavia by Yugoslavs, and that subsequently the break with the Cominform in 1948 saved them from the worst excesses of Stalinism. Despite the economic cost of the break, it forced the Yugoslavs to strike out on their own, to distinguish between the essential and the non-essential, and to discard some of the cruder notions about the dangers of contacts with the West that persist elsewhere in the Soviet bloc. It also led them inevitably to reconsider the policies which, uncorrected, created an economic crisis in Hungary and Poland and sparked off the upheaval of 1956. Once the Stalinist formula was rejected something had to be found to put in its place, and 10 years later it is possible to make a tentative assessment of the Yugoslav experiment.

There are certain broad conclusions that one can reach, partly from personal observation, partly from material published already in Yugoslavia and abroad. Industrialisation, despite certain weaknesses on which I shall comment later, has given the economy a better balance between industry and agriculture, and is beginning to redress the balance between the developed areas of Slovenia, Croatia and Serbia, on the one hand, and Macedonia, Montenegro and Bosnia on the other. It is, thereby, helping to knit the federation together and, in conjunction with the real effort to solve the minority problems of a country with six main nationalities and many more minor ethnic groups, it is giving Yugoslavia some genuine unity for the first time in its history. Next, there has been a conscious effort to make both the political organs of government and the new system of 'social management' something much more than rubber stamps, to endow them with a vitality of their own. Finally, and this is a negative conclusion, no solution has been found to the problem of the peasantry: there is a makeshift agricultural system which is being allowed to drift along – though capital investment in agriculture is at last being increased.

It is easy to reprint the simple statistics of industrial progress. The rate of investment has been high, of the order of 30 per cent. of the national income, and it has paid off: output has been rising faster in Yugoslavia than in either West Germany or France, and this increase in production rests upon a widening base of electrical power, metallurgical industry, and other pre-requisites of a modern economy. This is not merely a matter of figures: the textile factory in a remote part of Macedonia, or the elaborate Yugoslav-made equipment in a hydro-station in the Bosnian mountains, may have been created at something more than minimum cost, but they are a revolutionary and net gain in such underdeveloped regions. The interest, however, lies less in industrialisation itself than in the economic framework in which it is set – and it is here that the Yugoslav system is most interesting but most difficult to understand and to explain simply.

I have spent much time talking to factory directors, officials involved in the planning offices and banks, and to economists, and I feel that the simplest way to explain what the new-style economy involves is to set it against the system it has displaced. This, in short, was centralised, administrative and bureaucratic – centralised because all decisions that mattered were made at the centre, administrative because they were made and enforced by arbitrary decrees, and bureaucratic because they were applied through a large network of officials in which authority ran from the top and responsibility from the bottom. Such an economy, in fact, was the reflection of democratic centralism. Today, the intention is to decentralise as many decisions as possible, to replace 'administrative measures' by laws of general application, and to diminish the role of the bureaucracy by making enterprises and agencies act as independently as possible, subject to normal market laws rather than to officials who simply give them orders.

That is the intention, and the system has been directed to these ends for at least five years.

Does it work? Has it really succeeded in transferring power to the local level, in ensuring greater flexibility and initiative, in raising output, and in giving the worker in every enterprise closer control over the object, conditions and rewards of his labour? To some degree, yes. And I have no doubt that in principle the concept of 'social management' is a genuinely new contribution to Socialist ideas. But in its present form it has certain weaknesses, and certain characteristics that are peculiar to contemporary Yugoslav conditions. I agree with Mr Bobrowski, who is now vice-chairman of the Polish State Economic Council and the author of perhaps the best study of the Yugoslav economy. He points out that to operate the Yugoslav system 'it is essential that there should be on the one hand a high degree of decentralisation and on the other a central power which uses its prerogatives sparingly but which is strong and capable of meshing the wheels of the state and the autonomous enterprises'. It can work, in short, if in the background there is a strong unitary party organisation, capable of stepping in and correcting the course of the economy if it threatens to get out of hand. This organisation exists, and the need for it explains the apparent contradiction between the tight political control which the Communist machine still exerts at the centre and the looseness of the social and economic structure.

At this moment, after several years in which the emphasis has been upon autonomy for enterprises and upon competitive market relationships between them, the Communist leadership is choosing to intervene and make precisely such a correction of course. And the reasons why it has done so are clear. First, the economic system has left only two parts of the economy under the control of the central authorities – fiscal policy in the broadest sense, such as the division of the national income between consumption and investment, and the direction of special investment projects such as hydro-electric stations, steel plants, and factories designed to offset the regional imbalance of the country. As a result, there have been great differences not merely between one region and another, but even between one town and another, in the character, purposes and efficiency of investment, and between one plant and another in wages and productivity. The 'free market' has led to some very strange results. The principle is a good one – that both investment and the product should be measured by normal standards of profit-and-loss – but in an economy that is chronically short of goods, it must be controlled by social criteria. Otherwise the long-run interests of the society may be neglected, and there will be no real assurance that the sum of individual projects (profitable in themselves) will be the socially desirable sum. I do not suggest that the present way in which the economy is run ignores social criteria. But in the effort to get the decentralised system under way, the role of central planning was possibly too greatly diminished.

I believe that the same weakness can be detected in the breaking down of industries into autonomous units which are too small to reap the benefit of modern technology and management. Of course, an effort is made to link them together through what amount to trade associations, but this method obstructs specialisation and co-ordination of units, and it may be one reason why productivity has failed to rise though gross output has been increasing. There are many favourable features in the system of control by workers' councils, but some correction was clearly needed if only to ensure more or less common standards of production and pay.

For Yugoslavia has been passing through a curious boom, which cured some of the defects of the 'administrative period' but created new problems of its own. That is why, I believe, a new system of taxation is being introduced, which will establish a progressive income tax for the first time, will limit the amount that a workers' council can distribute by way of bonus, will reduce the tax burden on enterprises that cannot pay more than the minimum wage because of such adverse conditions as poor location, or other 'objective' reasons for high cost production, and will ensure that profits are more directly channelled into such socially useful and badly needed investment as housing, schools, roads and social services. At the same time, a political campaign has been launched against certain 'abuses' that the boom has produced. In a long and stiffly worded letter last February, the central committee of the League of Communists told the rank-and-file that they had been getting too slack. Factory directors had been living it up, using official cars for joy-rides, allocating special funds to themselves and their friends, using the profits of their enterprises to build themselves flats or holiday homes, and promoting 'official' journeys abroad; workers' councils had been siphoning off too much of the profit as cash bonuses; local government officials had been spending their money on interesting odds and ends at the expense of necessary projects; enterprises and even large units of government had been guilty of 'localism' and 'particularism'.

There are three comments to make on this fascinating document. The force of its criticism is revealing, for it shows how much leeway has in fact been permitted in the past five years; how far the party has abstained from the old habit of simply giving orders that had to be obeyed, or else. The character of the criticism is instructive, and much of it coincides with the charges that Milovan Djilas made against the 'new class' – though Djilas went very much further in insisting that this kind of corruption is endemic and incurable in any one-party system. Finally – though the Djilas thesis can be proved or disproved only over a long period – there is no doubt that the immediate impact of this letter has been great: I have heard several striking examples of the way in which local party organisations have cleaned up both their own affairs and intervened with great effect to correct the misdirection of government agencies and industrial enterprises.

This intervention by the party was inevitable, and it reveals that the Yugoslav regime retains a reserve power which, when vital interests are at stake, it will still use. This reserve power, moreover, is used much more in political matters than, latterly, in economic policy. I have already noted the contrast between the centralised political machine and the decentralised economy: there are, similarly, much narrower limits to political discussion than are set to arguments about social or economic policy. I am not thinking here so much of the Djilas case, or the trial of the former Socialists, which have strained relations between Tito and the British Labour Party, or even the less-publicised but unpleasant instances of pressure – difficulty in obtaining a job or securing a passport, for instance – on people who fall out with the party organisation. The point that interests me is the failure of Yugoslav writers and intellectuals to enlarge the area of controversy: their Polish, and, for a time, their Hungarian colleagues managed to make far more effective use of more limited opportunities. I do not feel that this is an unfair comment. Not long ago a Zagreb paper published a symposium in which a number of writers discussed why there was no good satire in Yugoslavia today, and none of them offered anything more than a platitude as an answer. If some of the good intentions of the new party programme are to be fulfilled, Yugoslavia must experiment in politics as it has experimented in economics – above all in matters of human relations. And this implies courage, imagination and tolerance: the first two qualities are not lacking, but ultimate success depends upon the third.

NORMAN MACKENZIE

London Diary

THERE'S a story going round which is like the one about Russians with snow on their boots, or the wartime tale that Haw-Haw had said that the town hall clock in Hull or Halifax was 10 minutes slow. I've heard it in several different forms, and two versions appeared in the press on 5 June. A Mr Kaye wrote to the *Manchester Guardian* saying that a lady he knows in Croydon gave two men a lift from Streatham. When they got out, they claimed they were bus drivers and that they resented being 'forced out of work by such people as you'. The lady then found that her seat cushions had been slashed. On the same day the *Evening News* reported that a Loughton business man gave two women a lift from Leytonstone to Aldgate. After they alighted he found that the upholstery had been slashed and that a note had been left which read: 'From two busmen's wives'. Other versions – from someone who heard of someone – report flat tyres, scratched paintwork, and ink on the seats. Before I credit such tales I would like to see names and addresses, and to know if the incidents, which sound like propagandist fantasies, were reported to the police.

* * *

Rather more than a year ago (2 March 1957) this journal published an article called 'Fascism in the Name of Jesus'. It produced a shock, for it was, as far as I know, the first serious exposure of the Salazar regime to appear prominently in this country for many years, and it was published at the moment when the Queen was visiting Portugal – rather than the new Commonwealth nation of Ghana. The official replies from Portugal were laughably feeble. As Britain's oldest ally, Lisbon was not used to being criticised in Britain. Now at last the silence was broken. The disgraceful treason trials in Oporto were actually reported; Gerald Gardiner QC attended them and did a splendid job in exposing their character soon afterwards. I think those who were charged with treason in Oporto were less savagely treated because of the publicity. The Liberals in Portugal were certainly encouraged, opposition was rather more active and it was something of a triumph that in the presidential election a candidate was found to stand against Salazar's nominee. Though the election was a farce, the British newspapers no longer pretended that it was democratic and, perhaps most remarkable of all, *The Times* has ceased simply to praise Salazar's autocracy, and is now reduced to making half-hearted excuses for it.

* * *

In Ireland, which in some essentials resembles Portugal, it is good news that Dr Noel Browne's Progressive Democrats are fighting a by-election in Dublin. The Irish government is not tyrannous but, like Salazar's, it fosters faith at

the price of ignorance and censorship, and in practice it is nearly as indifferent to the abysmal poverty of the peasants. De Valera has even said that the revival of the Irish language is more important than social betterment. This, Mr Noel Browne, the defeated leader of the fight for a public health scheme in 1951, calls 'the measure of our opponent's smugness and lack of realism'. His main strength lies in the unreality of the political fight in Ireland. The two traditional parties, Mr De Valera's Fianna Fail (Soldiers of Destiny) and Mr Costello's Fine Gael (Family of Ireland) only differ now because they once quarrelled over the 1921 treaty. The Labour Party has always been small, tame and opportunistic. Mr Browne's new party (which numbers in the Dail only Mr Browne himself and another former Independent) has a moderate, secular, radical programme.

* * *

Talking of censorship in Eire, you could hardly have expected last Monday's refusal by a District Justice in Dublin to find Tennessee Williams' play *The Rose Tattoo* 'indecent and profane'. Justice Cathal O'Flynn must be a strong-minded man. I note that the prosecution was brought under the English Common Law, which still survives in Eire to control Irish conduct that has not yet come under the notice of the indigenous legislators. For books, Eire has a Censorship of Publications Act; for the cinema, a special voluntary arrangement like our own. But the theatre is subject only to the Common Law, as ours would be if we got rid of the Lord Chamberlain – and this alone would have made the case worth watching. How much has the Common Law's tolerance to do with the fine reputation of the Abbey and the Gate? But it is a slow moving instrument. When the case against *The Rose Tattoo* was thrown out, the magistrate said that 'no jury would or ought to convict'. And yet this surely simple operation had taken almost 12 months. Any reform of the theatre censorship position over here must surely provide against such maddening delay as this.

* * *

One of the most attractive and least publicised shows in London today is the Antiquarian Book Fair at 7 Albemarle Street, Piccadilly. The booksellers who show their wares of course want you to know that if you are a very rich American collector, they can provide you with great rarities, including, for instance, a Caxton and many exquisitely illuminated early books. But they also prove that they can provide the modest collector with plenty of examples of lovely bindings and exquisite printing at no more than a few pounds each. I was intrigued by an unusual letter sent to Mr J. B. Manning, Governor of Pentonville Prison, on 11 September 1895. It is signed by 'A few American Friends,' and offers the Governor £100,000 in gold for himself if he will allow Oscar Wilde to escape, another £50,000 if Taylor goes free, with a further £50,000 to be spent in any way that he thinks fit! The letter is written in pencil which was to be rubbed out; a few innocent words in red ink were to be used for identification purposes if the Governor took the bribe.

* * *

Fearing to break the Sabbath by too much work, I decided to mouch. In the Strand, there was a battery of pin tables and a show of 'seaside postcards'; there was a girl who seemed to have taken an oath not to have her hair cut and a boy who had clearly been sewn into his trousers. Or could it be that, like the pantaloons of the King of France described by Carlyle, they had been held open by six servants, so that he could jump into them from above. In Trafalgar Square several hundred people were listening to a hearty man with a voice like a bull, who said he was 79 and fighting for other younger men who would also have at some time to live on the old age pension. I agreed with the crowd that you could not live on less than £3 10s. a week, so I put sixpence into the collection box, and turned into the National Gallery. When I had done looking at the Turners, I understand why so many modern painters prefer to paint their skies a simple blue, dotted with some unattached pink lozenges. But I was distracted from this problem by Botticelli's *Venus and Mars*. Venus reclines, gowned and serene, while Mars, nude and athletic, sleeps deeply, despite some impish Cupids, who blow a vast conch into his ear. A wonderful picture, but not, I thought, a good example of Socialist realism. So I took a taxi to Battersea, asking myself meanwhile whether class solidarity ought not to induce the over-busy taxi drivers to give a percentage to the busmen. Doubting whether this suggestion would add to Sunday peace, I added sixpence to what was on the clock, and went into the fun-fair.

CRITIC

The Abattoir

According to a *New Yorker* article, 'tranquilliser' harpoons will make whales more amenable to being killed. Similar treatment may 'allay the panic that overtakes some animals' in the slaughterhouse.

Behold the gentle Dopey Dick,
  Lulled by the hypodermic needle;
His end is painless, kind and quick,
  Coaxed into port by Captain Wheedle –
Quite the most prophetable whaling
Since Jonah did a spot of sailing.

And pigs in the Assembly Lines,
  From which they soon emerge as bacon,
The tranquillising pill inclines
  To a receptive (if mistaken)
Acceptance of their proper station
And gastronomic destination.

But Man alone, without a drug
  (Apart from pools and television
And elbow-lifting, with a jug,
  And apathy and indecision)
Is not considered worth the purchase
Of kindly and humane researches.

When France was threatened by her sons
  And double crosses drove her crackers,
When Trojan horses toted guns
  And Mollet did the Ramsay Mackers,
We saw the Choice of Paris follow
Like Hobson's – with no pill to swallow.

The gimmicks of the Sputnik Boys,
  The swift advance of cybernetics,
The plague of genocidal toys
  (For hoodlums) need no anæsthetics;
We ask no prophylactic doses
For hypertension and thrombosis. . . .

The crafty virgins did not warn
  Against their potent anæsthesia
The unsuspecting Unicorn
  Who sought his death through pure amnesia;
Of Man alone the strange intent is
Felo de se while *compos mentis*.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Say what you like, there's nothing on TV to compare with the pleasure of a good book. But have you thought what social standing it gives you and your family—having good books about the place? They put you a whole class up—in the eyes of your neighbours and business friends.—Advt in *Sunday Times*. (T. S. Wetherall.)

Sports car, preferably foreign, wanted week-end 22 June by respectable middle-aged civil servant, to raise sons' status at preparatory school where most fathers have Jaguars.—Advt in *The Times*. (M. Atkinson.)

Teeth do it yourself kit, tooth filling, magic whitener, tartar remover, stainless steel file, fullest instructions. Send p.o. 7s. 6d.—Advt in *Exchange and Mart*. (F. Gubb.)

I expect to meet my dog in the next world, but not the thousands that have been in the Battersea Dogs Home of which I am not presently conscious.—Letter in *Sunday Times*. (A. F. Burleigh.)

While trying to become a stockbroker he developed the unfortunate tendency of wanting to dress as a woman.—*News of the World*. (T. Jago.)

L'Affaire Audin

WHEN a history of the crimes of Massu's paratroops comes to be written, the murder of Maurice Audin should have a chapter to itself. M. Pierre Vidal-Naquet, the French historian, has put together the relevant facts in a small book just published in Paris by Les Editions du Minuit.

The scandal of Maurice Audin's death has for some months been a *cause celèbre* in France, particularly in university circles, for Audin was a mathematics student of considerable promise, who having distinguished himself in the Faculty of Science at the University of Algiers, had prepared a thesis for a doctor's degree at the Sorbonne. This was awarded to him posthumously last December in spite of official pressure the other way.

Maurice Audin was 25 years old, a married man with three children. He had been a member of the Algerian Communist Party since 1950 and remained in touch with the party organisation after it was officially outlawed in 1954. During April last year he was asked to give refuge to Paul Caballero, one of the party leaders, for whom the paratroops were looking. Caballero was very ill and Audin called in Dr Hadjadj, another former Communist Party member, to treat him. Hadjadj was subsequently arrested on 10 June by the paratroops, under suspicion of operating a clandestine printing press, and was taken to the Villa S—— at El Biar, where he confessed under torture to having seen Caballero at Audin's house. On 11 June the paratroops arrested Audin, and the following day Henri Alleg, former editor of the *Alger Républicain*, was trapped at the same house. Alleg's own account of his arrest and torture by the paratroops at El Biar in his now famous book, *The Question*, was recently noticed in this journal.

After the arrest, Audin's wife and children were not allowed to leave the flat or use the telephone for four days and they were told nothing of his fate. Audin had been arrested with-

out a warrant, but this discrepancy was rectified the following day by a military judge, and at the same time the Prefect of Algiers authorised Audin to be kept in 'house arrest'. From the time of her release, Madame Audin devoted all her energies to discover the whereabouts of her husband and she notified the authorities in Algiers and Paris, appealing at the same time to the President of the Republic, M. Coty, who informed her officially that he had intervened through M. Lacoste, the Minister for Algeria. On 22 June, she was told that her husband was well and would soon be allowed to communicate with her, but the attitude of two paratroopers who searched the flat on that day indicated that she would not see him again. On 28 June, Madame Audin was telephoned by Colonel Godard, military commander of the district, who asked her to call three days later, when she was interviewed by a subordinate and told that her husband had escaped on 21 June from a jeep taking him from El Biar to another prison.

Madame Audin had no faith in the reported 'escape', the circumstances of which were extremely improbable and which was not reported to the Commissioner for the district until a week later. She instructed her solicitors to bring an action for murder against the officers who had arrested her husband and appealed again to the courts in Algiers and to the National Assembly in Paris, where a number of deputies, ranging from Duclos to Mendès-France, asked the minister for a report. Lacoste, having first insisted on the official version of Audin's escape, later promised a full inquiry. After numerous delays and attempts to bury the incident, M. Etienne Fajon referred in the Assembly during November to the 'odious comedy enacted by the government, after the event, to make the lie of an "escape" more plausible'. It was only after the Sorbonne had awarded Audin his degree *in absentia*, and when public opinion could no longer be ignored, that an inquiry was finally instituted. Many of the most prominent members of the Cabinet, including the Prime Minister, then Félix Gaillard, seem to have been well aware that the Audin affair would not stand much investigation and contributed to the conspiracy of silence by evasion, delay and lies. To this day, the exact fate of Maurice Audin is a matter of conjecture, but M. Vidal-Naquet's inquiries show conclusively that the 'escape' staged so clumsily by the paratroopers of El Biar never happened and that Maurice Audin died in the Villa S——, probably under torture. It is known from the later testimony of Dr Hadjadj that Audin was tortured, partly in his presence, by electricity and by drowning, and Alleg relates in his own account how close he came to death when tortured by these means.

The paratroop officers who tortured Hadjadj, Alleg and Audin, believed that these three could tell them where to find Caballero and Moine, two leading Communists who had gone underground. On 19 June, during one of the periodic shufflings at the Villa S——, when victims were hidden from the sight of visiting military commissions, Hadjadj and Audin found themselves for a short time in the same cell. Audin told Hadjadj that he had been questioned principally about Caballero and not at all about Moine. On the other hand, Alleg, tortured during the same period, was questioned about Moine, particularly on 17 June under pentothal, but without giving any information. We are led to the conclusion that Audin was probably tortured on 20 or 21 June, in connection with the whereabouts of Moine and that during this session he died. The 'escape' took place on 21 June.

The official version of Audin's escape does not stand up very well to examination. Reports differ about the actual time when the jeep carrying him left El Biar, but the latest it could have been was 9.30 p.m. After travelling about 300 yards, Audin is supposed to have jumped from the moving vehicle and run down a side street. Shots were fired after him, and were heard by a number of witnesses, who gave the time as between 9.40 and 10 p.m., although the most impartial witness insists it was nearly 10 and already dark. A jeep would not have taken ten minutes or more to travel this short distance, nor would a man of delicate health, as Audin was, have the strength, after ten days of torture, to jump from a moving jeep, outrace it, and climb over high walls with an agility worthy of a trapeze artist. The jeep made a circuit of the block and met Lieutenant Charbonnier, one of Audin's principal interrogators, walking. His timing and a glance at a street map would indicate that Charbonnier was himself the dark shadow that a witness saw gliding past his house, apparently anxious to be noticed. The accounts of Charbonnier and the other paratroopers of their exact movements changed many times at the different inquiries into the 'escape', which was so badly fabricated, that it was not until 28 June that Madame Audin was asked to see the military commander of the region; the appointment was made for three days later, as apparently he did not at that time have sufficient details. The paratroops evidently did not expect an inquiry to be made, and it was the persistence of Madame Audin in notifying the responsible authorities, in appealing to the *Commission de Sauvegarde des Droits et des Libertés* and to the President of the Republic, that forced them to reconstruct their story.

At all the official inquiries, military and civilian, that were eventually made into the 'escape', only prejudiced witnesses were heard; and Madame Audin's solicitor was not allowed into Algeria to attend the proceedings during the final hearing. At each inquiry the official story was accepted, but there is not a Frenchman who believes it, and the record of the proceedings was never made public.

The whole of French officialdom has conspired to hush up the affair, and much credit is due to the faculties and student bodies of the leading French universities, and to the trade unions, which have been most vociferous in protest and have not allowed the scandal to die. The responsibility rests not only with the officers and men named by Alleg and Hadjadj, Captains Faulques and Devis, Lieutenants Irulin and Charbonnier and their fellow thugs, but equally with those above them, who tolerate their outrages and thereby encourage them further. The blame is ultimately with the generals and with Lacoste, Gaillard, Mollet and the other politicians, who by not intervening have made themselves accomplices in Audin's murder.

If De Gaulle wishes to show himself a man of justice, he should at an early date open an impartial inquiry into the practices of the army in Algeria, and bring those responsible for the abominations inflicted on the bodies of Audin, Alleg, Djamila Bouhired, Elyette Loup and many others, to trial for their crimes.

JOHN CALDER

Stately Show Business

A STRANGER visiting the House of Lords or one of the clubs in St James's Street might well overhear, in perplexity, the following conversation:

'What did you get for Whitsun?'

'About 8,000, but I hear Ian had 20,000. How did you do?'

'Pretty well, thank you. Nine thousand; and the new box-office arrangements are making all the difference.'

It is now six years since I opened my home and the gardens to the public. I started with one advantage, namely, that Beaulieu Abbey Ruins had been open for over 50 years. This gave us some background experience in the problems of ticket-selling, lavatories, souvenirs and so on, which you have to face when you throw your home open to the public. Looking back, I realise that I have learnt many lessons in these six years. Some basic principles, however, I had decided on from the first, and I like to believe that these are the secret of my success in putting Beaulieu about sixth in the Stately Home League Table, in spite of the fact that it is much smaller than its closest rivals, and much less accessible.

My basic principles are these. First, allow people to wander around without guides. Prepare clear and full captions for everything and only have wandering guards, dressed as the general public, to protect the more liftable objects. I have lost only a very few things, and their loss has been more than made good by what I have saved on training and paying guides. The visitors have likewise benefited, by not having to queue or wait on crowded days for the next 'tour', as they often do in other houses. My second principle has been to provide the greatest amount of variety, something for every member of the family. This ties up with the 'no guides' principle, since each visitor can spend as much time as he wishes in the part of the house or Abbey that most attracts him, without being moved on. My third aim was to make Beaulieu famous for possessing something you would find at no other stately home. When one reflects that there are over 400 houses in the British Isles open to the public, it becomes clear that the 'top ten' must have something outstanding and unusual to offer. Beaulieu's unique attraction is the Montagu Motor Museum.

I am often asked how this collection of Veteran and Vintage cars, motor cycles, and pedal cycles came to be started. In the autumn of 1951, soon after I succeeded to the estate on my 25th birthday, I decided that there was only one way of maintaining Palace House and going on living in it: I must occupy only a part of it and show the rest to the public. In planning what could be shown, I wanted to present the story of how Beaulieu and my ancestors had contributed, through a large part of English history, to the development of the arts and sciences and politics. Thus, considering how to commemorate my father's great pioneering work in motoring, flying and road development, I hit upon the idea of forming a small motor museum which would contain his motoring relics and some cars. I realised that no one had a private car museum open to the public, and none had a better reason than I for creating one. Hence, the Montagu Motor Museum came into being in the front hall of Palace House with six cars and a few pictures and trophies. Nothing has thrilled me more, or given me greater satisfaction than the incredible growth of this museum to what is today a collection of

PENSION POINTS: 2

Plans for a higher standard of state pensions and how this can best be achieved are being widely discussed. In this series of advertisements the Life Offices' Association and Associated Scottish Life Offices draw attention to some aspects of the problem which they believe to be important.

Pension rights of nine million workers

There are now some nine million workers in occupational pension schemes. Every one of them has a direct interest in any proposal for an extension of the National Pension scheme because of the effect that this might have on his individual pension rights and future benefits.

Increased state pensions might lead to reduced private benefits because if employers had to make bigger contributions to the state they might not be able or willing to continue with their own schemes even on a reduced scale. The impact of an extended state scheme might be such as to make other schemes unworkable.

Even if occupational schemes were permitted—on conditions—to operate as alternatives to any extended state scheme benefits, there would be serious financial and administrative difficulties which for many schemes would probably prove to be insurmountable.

Occupational schemes could also be prejudiced indirectly by the introduction of an over-ambitious state scheme which would add to inflationary pressure and so reduce the real value of benefits

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200 vehicles. Within a year it had overflowed into the old kitchen wing and into the cellars, and by 1956 a new wooden building was built in the garden to house more cars.

My fourth basic principle has been to find out and then offer what the people really want to see, ringing the changes so that they will come back year after year and always find something new. Now, father and son can spend an hour looking at cars and motor cycles, whilst mother and daughter can spend their time seeing pictures, furniture in the house, and the Abbey ruins. I am proudest, though, of the success of the Motor Museum. Now, trams, old lorries, and aeroplane engines are being added to it, and a large new building is going up to realise my dream that the Montagu Motor Museum may become one of the foremost transport museums in the world. Such an exhibition is long overdue in this country. The Italian motor industry is just building a magnificent new museum in Turin at a cost of £250,000; here, but for the excellent sections in such museums as South Kensington, Birmingham and Glasgow, we have no national transport museum.

I am frequently asked whether the original object of opening my house to obtain money for its upkeep has now become a full-time business. Although we are now visited by over 100,000 people every year, the overheads have risen faster than the income; I have had to put a great deal of my own money into new buildings and the payment of a competent staff. It is very misleading to count up the half-crowns. Even if a certain Duke takes £30,000 a year in half-crowns, he may well have to spend £29,500 in upkeep. The owner of a smaller house might gross £10,000 and spend £9,500. Both have made £500 profit, on which full income and surtax must be paid. The large majority of stately homes do not take enough to cover upkeep; but it remains true that, without this extra income, many houses would cease to exist as homes, and might, if deemed historic monuments, become a burden on the state. Moreover, the opening of such a house creates much extra employment locally, especially for widows and pensioners, who do the ticket-selling and cleaning, and for young girls who work as waitresses in the tea rooms. The village is proud of the business done and rightly enjoys the benefits from it.

Owners of smaller houses often accuse the 'Top Ten' of taking away potential visitors from them by resorting to stunts and getting more than their fair share in publicity. The truth is that the problem is largely geographical. Beaulieu, in Hampshire, for instance, cannot possibly be affected by visitors to Chatsworth in Derbyshire. Moreover, I firmly believe that publicity for any one stately home helps to keep all such show places in the public eye. This year I have put up a rack in the tea rooms at Beaulieu for the display of brochures about other show-houses, and I make a special effort to persuade visitors to go and see those that are nearby.

Of course I miss sitting quietly in the garden, picking flowers when I want, using the front door – countless little things which go when one surrenders one's privacy. I am constantly amazed at the ability of the general public to misread notices and get itself lost, its enormous consumption of toilet paper and soap, its taste in souvenirs (anything with a crest on will sell), its choice of foods, the patience of all the individuals in big crowds, their amazing good temper.

On the more positive side, I am pleased that the pictures are now cleaned and the furniture mended, that the garden has never been better kept, that I can afford to keep the house heated, that it is generally in better condition than it has been for years, and that I have a smaller, warmer, more manageable flat. It is a great satisfaction to overhear people praising the house or garden, to meet someone who has come from overseas to see the cars, to see a family party from the Welsh mines, or motor-cycle club members carrying their crash helmets, or a party of old-age pensioners. I enjoy hearing an elderly couple excitedly re-meeting an old friend in the form of a belt-driven motor cycle on which they first went courting. Like any showman, I like watching the box-office returns which are plotted on a graph each week (last year's in blue, this year's in red), and above all there is the pleasure of having given pleasure. Sometimes, perhaps, there is education here for the many people who may be having their only outing of the year; and for them in any case the best is not enough.

EDWARD MONTAGU

The Salesman

HAVING solved the problems of fission and fusion, doubtless our physicists will now turn to a really difficult one, and invent a method of connecting a garden hose to a stand-pipe tap which causes the water to be conveyed to the nozzle of the hose, instead of out of the connecting end in a powerful spray. I was more or less wet through by the time the sad and dark-faced man had sidled and hesitated his way up the drive and halted near enough for his diffident voice to be heard.

'You wouldn't,' he said, with the conviction of the man who never gets it right, 'be Mr Babcock?'

'No.'

'Ah. And I don't suppose you know where he lives?'

He had greasy-black hair round a bald pate which gave him a shabbily clerical air. The frayed hem of a thick woollen vest showed in the V of his open shirt. His eyes were doggy. He carried a torn green folder, stuffed with papers, under one arm. He looked so exactly like a man come to serve a summons that I thought fast: however, I could not, as it happened, think of any bills outstanding enough to entail a County Courting; and come to think of it, I wasn't Mr Babcock. 'I'm sorry,' I said, 'I never heard of a Mr Babcock in these parts.'

He nodded; it was about what he had expected. It occurred to me that he was the sort of man who will put himself to all the trouble of going to heaven when he dies, because it's expected of you: but when he hears that God does not exist, he will not be surprised, and only very slightly disappointed. 'I was told,' he said, 'that Mr Babcock owns those barns over there.'

They weren't barns but byres: he was ineluctably of the city; his voice was gentle and low, but common in an uncountry way.

'Ah, you mean *Blay*cock,' I said, for I have acquired a touch of that contempt which country people feel for those who don't know that the bottom rail of the stile into Calthorpe's cherry orchard is rotten. I told him how to find Blaycock's farm.

'Big place?' he said, contriving to convey that he expected to hear that it was small, poverty-stricken and that in any case Blaycock had moved out last Lady Day.

'Medium,' I said, to encourage him, 'but thriving.'

It was a mistake: it made him cast a look of distaste down his own front; there was a button hanging on his jacket, and his trousers bagged. He put his hand to his throat in a gesture so eloquent of his wish that he had put a tie on, that I had half a mind to offer him one. He began to sidle away, then halted and said, 'You wouldn't, I suppose, be wanting any paint or distemper?' And he looked away from me, over the peach trees whose blossom was fading as the fruit set. It was not exactly that he was ashamed of this outburst of pushfulness, as prejudiced against the whole idea of painting and distempering things. Even so, it then dawned on me that he was a salesman, although not of the dashing kind which puts on a three-ring circus to sell sports cars to Californians. I liked him none the worse for that, he was much better than the man who had proved conclusively that unless I at once spent £50 on wood-borer beetle control the house would fall down tomorrow.

'As a matter of fact,' I said, 'I want both paint and distemper.'

It was not the success I had hoped; he did not rejoice. He looked anxious and rather harassed and half-opened his folder, stared at the loose sheets of specifications and prices, and only nodded absently when I bade him follow me. When we reached the new shed, I said:

'I want some kind of whitewash or something which will do for the inside of this lodge. As you see, the wood is rather rough. Can you suggest anything?'

His effort, then, to show a businesslike briskness would have brought tears to the eyes of a sales manager. He opened the folder and shuffled the papers about in a manner which suggested that he could not read. The wind took five sheets; I retrieved three. They were about creosote. The other two he watched dancing away over the vineyard. He looked at the top sheet of those left to him and said:

'You wouldn't want enamel?'

'Decidedly not.'

He shut the folder and, brightening a little, said: 'Frankly, old man, I'm new to this line'.

His 'old man' was pitiful, so little did it manage to be confident, man-to-man.

'You'll learn,' I said.

'I suppose so. Distemper, you said?'

'Yes.'

For half a minute he turned over papers in his file with motions which convinced me that he did not really expect to find anything about distemper. Then he gave up pretending and said:

'Tell you what, you get some ordinary whitewash, see, I daresay you can buy it locally, and mix a little oil with it. Do the job lovely, it will.'

'But surely I can buy something ready mixed,' I said, 'I don't want a messy job like that.'

I began, thinking of all those articles I had read in the press for years about how awful our salesmen were and how the Germans beat us in the world's markets even when our goods were better and our prices lower, to get quite angry. The salesman said:

'Cheapest way. Last for years. Still, it's up to you.'

I drew cider from the barrel for both of us and took the file from him and began to look through it. Presently I found a sheet about 'distemper for walls and ceilings.' When he put down his glass I gave him the paper. He looked at it, clearly expecting nothing good, and said:

'Ah, that's right, distemper.'

'I imagine that would do,' I said, almost threateningly. And he, still reading it, obviously for the first time and apparently without approval, said that he supposed that it might. 'It says,' I found myself pointing out, 'that it contains DDT, thus making all surfaces treated with it deadly to flies and other insect vermin'.

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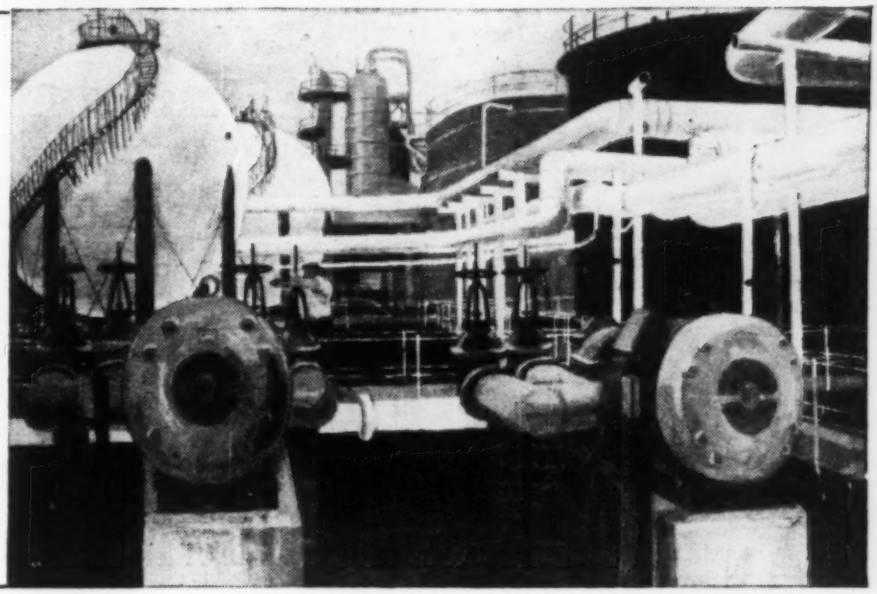

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He was not impressed: his blunt and dirty index finger halted at a line in his reading, restoration of his pessimism dawning in a look of complacent resignation. He asked, in the tone of a man who knows he is going to score the final point:

'How much did you want?'

'I don't know. I was hoping you'd advise me.'

He looked round, going perfunctorily through the motions of exercising judgment.

'Hundredweight, would you think?'

'Good heavens, no!'

'That's where it is,' he said, a gleam of sad triumph in his eye, an expression such as Jeremiah may be supposed to have worn, 'that's where it is: this firm don't sell anything less. Minimum lot, one hundredweight. Look, it says here . . . '

Angrily I shoved away the proffered paper, saying that distemper was a thing that always came in handy. He slowly shook his head.

'You couldn't,' he said, 'use a hundredweight of distemper in ten years. Not here, you couldn't. Stands to reason.'

For a moment we stared at each other, my own face stiff with resentment, his soft with the certainty that wisdom lay in acknowledgement of defeat.

'Get out your order-book,' I said . . .

Later, when my wife came in and I told her curtly, as if it were her fault, that I had ordered a hundredweight of distemper, she, with carefully bright interest, said, 'Have you, dear? Why?'

I told her, as best I could, speaking as if reading an indictment against her. 'He was,' I concluded, 'such a bloody awful salesman'.

'Well,' she said, 'but was he?'

Now I don't know, of course; I'm waiting to see Blaycock and to ask him what he bought.

EDWARD HYAMS

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The Arts and Entertainment

Alas, Poor Tristan!

THE Govent Garden management must be uneasily reflecting that, just as a good deed shines in a naughty world, so a naughty deed looks all the blacker against a spotlessly virtuous background. Nothing could well have been more virtuous than the Covent Garden *Don Carlo*; *The Ring* improves musically every season; the recent *Jenufa* was impressive; and *The Trojans*, shortly to be revived, is a splendid all-round achievement. But if a man has just murdered his wife, it is no defence to point out that he is the soul of kindness to his children and his aged parents; and, notwithstanding its excellent record, the management will be fortunate if it escapes with a verdict of manslaughter for its current treatment of *Tristan und Isolde*.

On such melancholy occasions, we should do our best to distinguish between gross and easily avoidable errors of taste and judgment, and such troubles as must always beset a management in the attempt to present so complex and difficult a work. Casting problems may be said to belong, in these days, to the second category. Every major opera-house in the western world wants to keep the later Wagner operas in its repertory, and competition for the few adequate Siegfrieds and Brünnhildes, or Tristans and Isoldes, of the day is accordingly fierce. By virtue of his intelligence, his fine presence and his uncommon acting abilities, Ramon Vinay holds the status of a leading Wagner tenor in Bayreuth, New York and elsewhere, but it is long since I have heard him get through the music with credit, let alone with distinction; the voice lacks lustre and definition to a degree which I find incompatible with musical pleasure. Nevertheless, considering the actual field of choice, Covent Garden cannot well be blamed for engaging Señor Vinay as Tristan. The question of an Isolde is rather more complex. Isoldes of international rank are not, at the moment, quite so rare; yet it must have seemed, on the face of it, eminently right and proper to retain our own Sylvia Fisher in a part which she assumed so creditably only five years ago. But this decision reckoned without the vocal troubles from which Miss Fisher is just now palpably suffering. Fine artist as she showed herself in her general style and in many small touches of phrasing and colour, she sounded on the first night acutely uncomfortable, not only above the stave, but even on sustained E's and F's, and her discomfort affected her normally sound legato singing: we got the impression that each note posed a distinct, and sometimes a painful, problem. More satisfactory results were attained by the American Brangaene, Irene Dalis, who looked well and sang in good style, though without the purity of timbre that I remember in her performance as the Kostelnicka in a Berlin *Jenufa* of some two years ago. James Pease was not so happy in the strictly bass role of King Mark as in the bass-baritone Wagner parts in which we have previously heard him; and Otakar Kraus repeated his reliable, though rather small-scale, Kurwenal.

Mr Kubelik's general conception of the score was strange and somewhat disquieting, not only (as it seemed) to the audience but to the orchestra; for it was hard to recognise in the untidy woodwind, with its slack chording and tremulous solos, the artists who had so lately delighted our ears in *Don Carlo*. Though the strings had some passages of lyrical beauty, the centre of gravity in Wagner's scoring seemed often to have been displaced; moreover, each page was played as though for its own sake alone, with little sense of musical structure or dramatic momentum. And the cumulative impact of the work, thus already weakened on the musical side, was further dissipated by the feeble production of Christopher West and the ungainly designs of Leslie Hurry. Mr Hurry's *Ring* was uneven, and has undergone much patching during successive seasons; but I fear that his *Tristan* may prove beyond patching. His second act, for instance, with its withered tree-trunk and gloomy red backward-sloping portal *à la Memphis*, is quite at variance with the warm fragrance of the summer night conjured up by the music. I cannot say whether producer or designer was responsible for the main absurdity of Act 1: but in either case it is something which no musical director should have tolerated for a moment. The crew of Tristan's ship are crammed into two red-curtained boxes to the left of the stage, whence their voices can be heard to proceed with a muffled effect which is both comical in itself and ruinous to the breezy tang of the music. In this dreadful production almost nothing is right. The Shepherd clambers over the Breton rocks in flowing priestly robes, and poor Miss Fisher has been given a coiffure so far devoid of feminine grace that she might well have murmured, like the Marschallin, 'Mein lieber Christopher, heut' haben Sie einen alten *Mann* aus mir gemacht!'

From these sad metropolitan doings it was a relief to escape to the civilised depths of Staffordshire, where Lord Shrewsbury was offering to the public, at his family mansion of Ingestre, an admirably staged and as a whole well performed series of chamber operas by Blow, Purcell, Bizet and Falla. But I have exhausted my space and must return to this more inviting subject next week.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

The Difficulty of Being an Artist

DURING the last thirty years, and particularly during the last decade, it has been, I believe, particularly difficult to be a good artist. If we marvel now at the cultural vitality of the first quarter of this century, this is not necessarily nostalgia. It was easier for Picasso's generation.

Of course it is always, always very difficult.

> He who has not felt the difficulties of his art does nothing that counts; he, who like my son, has felt them too soon, does nothing at all; and you can be sure that most of the high conditions of society would be empty if one were admitted only after an examination as severe as the one we must pass.

Chardin's remark is true for all generations. And since Chardin, the artist's struggle to live, as distinct from his struggle to master his art, has also become harder. Yet the financial and social difficulties of the artist today are no greater than they were 80 or 40 years ago. The artist's supreme difficulty today is of a different kind.

Jimmy Porter's famous speech about there being no good causes left to fight for has a good deal

the things they say!

He says that British industry can't be efficient today because investors can't put up sufficient capital for it.

Maybe, but somebody ought to tell him about I.C.I.'s last issue of loan stock.

How did it go?

Well, I.C.I. asked its stockholders and employees for £40 million — a sizeable sum, you'll agree—and was offered *nearly six times* as much.

That doesn't sound as though people were unable to lend money to one company, anyway.

No — and the same sort of thing has happened every time I.C.I. has asked the public for capital. Investors, big and small, know a sound proposition when they see it.

But why did I.C.I. need all that money?

Because the company is always planning and building new plants to make new products that other industries and the public are going to need in the future. And they're always modernising or replacing plants to make established products more efficiently. Why, altogether since 1945 they've spent over £300 million on new factories and equipment here in Britain.

All right, I see where the money goes. But how do we know they are efficient enough to compete with foreigners? And if they are, what are their chances of staying efficient in the future?

Take a look at the figures again. In 1957 I.C.I. exported a record total of over £76 million of products in the face of ever fiercer foreign competition. And they're pressing on with a Research and Development programme that costs about £13 million a year.

Does that look like a lack of enterprise, or initiative?

No, it sounds as if they know where they're going.

Yes, and lots of ordinary folk, who've saved a bit, have sufficient faith to back them.

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to do with this difficulty. The speech, of course, is – and perhaps was meant to be – short-sighted, self-pitying, and objectively untrue. But it does demonstrate crudely and in one phrase the kind of disillusion on which most post-war art in Europe has been based. Men such as Camus, Malraux, Beckett, Giacometti, Marini, Buffet, may all be more subtle and complex than Jimmy Porter, but all of them have produced works of qualified disillusion and despair. (Consider, as an example of the extent of this state of mind, how seldom even sex has been treated as a subject of affirmation or pleasure in the post-war arts.) Increasingly, during the last twenty-five years Europe has been politically and psychologically on the defensive – the history of the betrayals which have led to this is another story, the last chapter of which we saw enacted in France a fortnight ago. When – except during the war years when the hope of victory inspired us – have we had a *confident* vision of the future – as quite obviously, artists, scientists and thinkers did have before the Age of Fascism and neo-Fascism?

One of the worst consequences of this defensiveness is triviality. Without any sense of the future one lacks a sense of perspective, and without perspective one is constantly forced into attitudes and theories of trivial opportunism. The history of anti-Communism vividly bears this out. Such triviality is also parochial. Far fewer people in Europe today have an approximate idea of what is happening on a world scale than sixty years ago.

How does this affect the artist? The artist sets out to improve the world – not in the way that a reformer or a revolutionary does – but in his own way, by extending what he believes to be the truth, and by expressing the range and depths of human hopes. In a climate of disillusion it becomes very difficult for him to desire or believe in even his kind of improvement. As a result, his art also becomes trivial; he begins to mistake the means for the end.

It is the triviality of so many contemporary works, not the small number of people who look at or read them, that makes them so irrelevant to the modern world. In such works all purpose is reduced to its minimum. A Tachist painting looks like one square centimetre of an Impressionist painting blown up to fill twelve square feet: the average piece of 'iron' sculpture looks like the bare armature of a work that has been destroyed by fire: a piece of *L'Art Autre* looks like a bit of wood or plaster that has crumbled, been splashed with colour and thrown away. The artist, in other words, has been forced to his knees, and there tries to find significance in the scraps around him on the floor. Although it would be a mistake to make a rigid formula out of this, the thinness, spikiness, and broken, fragmentary nature of most forms in post-war painting and sculpture surely reflect the failure of nerve that I am discussing.

A full study of this reduction (yes, to absurdity) of the scale of the artist's hopes, and therefore aims, would require a book to itself. But without going to such lengths, one can define the particular difficulty which the western artist faces today: it is the difficulty of seeing men – including himself – whole again: the difficulty of recognising what all men have in common, and of having confidence in what they wish to be. This is even the difficulty for a landscape painter. To paint well an artist needs a sense of space that is either secure or meaningfully dramatic, a sense of air which promises life, a sense of touch which confirms, and, above all, a sense of unending possibility, for it is only this last which can make him marvel – in delight or horror – at what actually exists. Art, born out of confidence in human creativity, will be more certain and less ambiguous than life – here the Communists are absolutely right.

* ROLAND, BROWSE AND DELBANCO: Landscapes and still-lives by Philip Sutton. Singing Fauve-like colours: sometimes too abundant, becoming like confetti. The simplest are the best. A colourist must allow colour to make its own distortions of drawing. When Sutton is confident enough to allow this he is a true painter.

HANOVER: Carefully prepared abstracts by Poliakoff. Rich, tasteful, *soigné*. Recipes impeccable. Content as art: nil. Compare with Merlyn Evans's Guggenheim entry which reminded one how much an abstract painting can contain.

TOOTH'S: Flower, sea foods, boats by a young German, Priking. Holiday pictures given an 'edge' by use of black. Content: almost nil.

BEAUX ARTS: Naive paintings by Heinz Koppel. A testament to a sane man's vision of the world – Wales, Barcelona, a woman darning, a Good Friday. But wisdom and imagination are not enough. A painter must be able to draw.

WADDINGTON: Canvases by Alva, with images like signs made with flames and smoke against the dusk. An ordered, skilful ritual. But to what God? With what meaning?

* LEICESTER: New figures in landscape by Keith Vaughan. Slowly, always with difficulty, Vaughan develops, and strives, against his emotions, towards classicism. His *Harvest* canvas should have won the Guggenheim award, if it were not for purblind judges ever being taken for Romantic rides. *Berkshire Landscape* (No. 24), a small, green masterpiece. Also abstracts by Terry Frost, full of splash and light and cascades. Obviously works of integrity, but also of closed privacy. The faculty of sight separated from all other faculties.

JOHN BERGER

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Peter Green, The Observer

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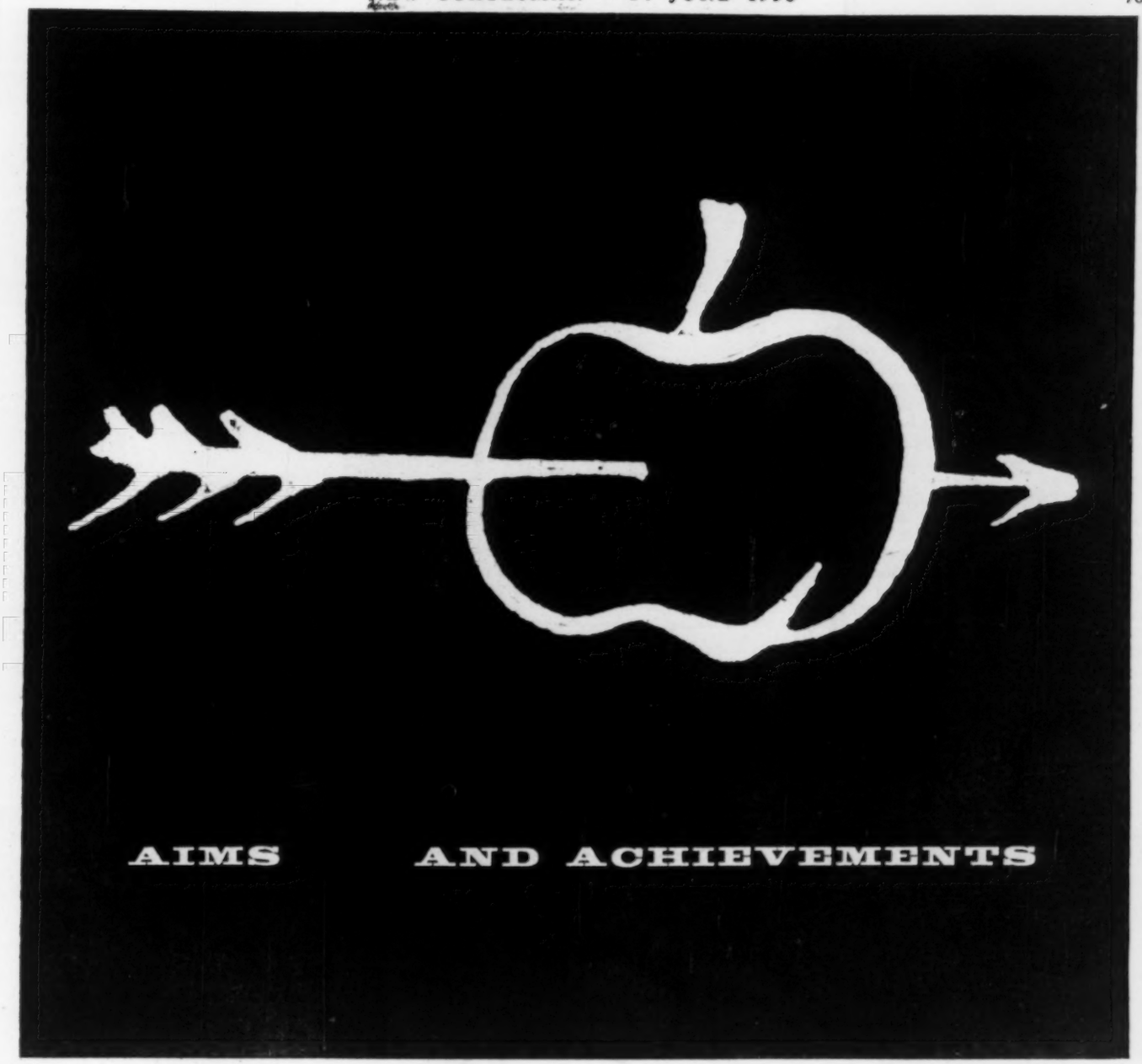
HODDER AND STOUGHTON

Out of the Ruins

AMONG the daydreams brought to us by the cinema I find none more resistible than the war jaunt: every week, by plane and by sub, in the desert, off the Pacific isle, we do our bit in the shadow battle. This week's instalment brings Mr Clark Gable and Mr Burt Lancaster in *Run Silent, Run Deep* (London Pavilion); they are rivals in a submarine for beating the Japs; one wants to wipe out an old grudge and a killer of the seas, the other thinks of the crew and hopes to get on; they collide, they collaborate, they win through; and they remain Mr Gable and Mr Lancaster. And the surroundings, if you ask me, aren't much livelier than if we were always getting stuck in lifts.

Film warfare has about as much impact as the guards outside Buckingham Palace, so that when real war hits us from a screen, it shocks. This is so with Andrzej Wajda's *Kanal* (at the Academy). Its tremendous opening sweep over Warsaw, risen against the Nazis in August 1944, and nearing final destruction, awes the imagination, and the tale of doomed Resistance has a background that would dwarf Griffith's Babylon. Everything battered, black sky, pages in sunlight strewn round a stranded bath, flame-throwers playing on the gaunt ruins, tanks and planes still worrying the last live pockets: one such pocket, 43 men from a company of 70, fight back, yawn, make love, smoke, listen to a tune, knowing it's their – and Warsaw's – last day. They are ordered to retire through the sewers. Angry or weary they pass the queues to that underground: a mad, polite mother asks about her daughter wearing a brown coat, touches a wounded arm and is brushed aside. They descend. Their enemies now are filth, stench, retreat, the panic of being gassed or lost. They are in the entrails of a city at its last gasp, war unspeakable. More and more fall by the way.

The great achievement of Wajda's film is that, starting with encounters of the war's most tragic spectacle, it then explores a worse fate. One can't – till the descent and the floundering in hallucination – understand why these men are so loth to make their foray which will, theoretically, bring them to some final centre of resistance. But once there, they never emerge. One will go mad and wander off, playing the ocarina; a colonel, distantly recognised, will float by; a drunk playboy's girl will shoot herself, when he brings out the photographs of his wife and children – for there are women and boys in this contingent too; two lovers, one wounded and dying, will take at last the tunnel leading to light, only to find it barred – the issue into the river; a soldier will come up through a manhole to stagger into the middle of a shooting party. Warsaw died; and these 43 died, the last with a revolver dramatically pointed as he disappears once more underground. *Kanal* fights its way through realism to poetic vision, to Romanticism if you like; its story of death and destruction exultantly lives. And seeing such a film, and Wajda's earlier *A Generation*, we may feel that only such films, which flinch from nothing, have the right or the ability to lead us out the other side. The Academy – which already this year has brought *Pather Panchali*, *Apparajito*, and *The Seventh Seal* – deserves enormously of us if we want the living cinema so obstinately denied by our own film makers. Wajda is young, in the early thirties. He himself took part in the terrible events he now reassembles. It is a mark of his own fortitude, and of the



The aims of the companies in the GKN Group have a happy knack of becoming achievements. Consider, for instance, one member of the Group—Garringtons Ltd. When Garringtons began production of ferrous and non-ferrous forgings they set out to become the foremost forging organisation in the country. They succeeded. In fact, they went one better, and have grown into the largest and most modern in Europe. Broadly speaking, of every three tons of finished forgings used in this country, one comes from Garringtons.

Other sides of the business have been similarly developed —machining, assembly and the manufacture of hand tools; and recently an entirely new division was opened for the production of gas turbine blades. The Garrington example of turning objectives into milestones is repeated time and again in various Group companies. To travel hopefully, they say, is better than to arrive; but if, as in the GKN philosophy, each arrival is the point for a new departure, then better still — for the Group, for its customers, and for the country.

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GUEST, KEEN & NETTLEFOLDS, LTD., HEAD OFFICE: LONDON WORKS, SMETHWICK 40, STAFFS

peculiar condition of Poland, that *A Generation* was made under the Stalinist regime and *Kanal* since Gomulka, but both sustain integrity and passion. a new poetry of realism.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Double Face

THROUGHOUT its history jazz has lent itself to two diametrically opposite purposes. It has made both a 'people's music', simple, sensuous, passionate and perfectly suited for the best-integrated citizens, and a noise to keep company with the disoriented and rudderless. It is a sad reflection on our times that the other arts, which have recently been discovering jazz in a big way, should have concentrated on its utility to the mixed-up kids. Nobody has made a film or play about the sort of life and music so magnificently created by *Brownie McGhee and Sonny Terry* on their new 12in LP (Topic Records, 17 Bishops Bridge Rd, W2), a record which has happily come out when these two splendid blues-singers are still in Britain. But Jack Kerouac has written of the jazz-fixation of the 'beat generation' in *On The Road*, and the helpless teen-agers of the Stratford Theatre Royal's new play are full of it. M. Roger Vadim, who has been Homer to Brigitte Bardot's Helen, fits jazz into his talented but frivolous mixture of drifting and sexual domination whenever he can. His *When the Devil Drives* (Cameo Royal) is played to lucid and grave music from the Modern Jazz Quartet, which brings out the decadent atmosphere of Venice (Harry's Bar division) rather well, though it is largely wasted on this melodrama for the leisured classes. It is clearly only a question of time before James Bond gets round to digging Chico Hamilton.

The simple side of jazz has not done so well for itself lately, except among the working-class youngsters who, heedless of the theorists, are busy turning 'traditional' jazz into the standard dance-music of the provinces, and making the fortunes of Mr Chris Barber's band. *Saint Louis Blues* is a textbook example of how *not* to make a film about the blues and the life of the late W. C. Handy, and a sad waste of a good deal of fine talent, except that of the sullen poker-faced, sex-radiating Eartha Kitt, who belongs on Beale Street, Memphis c. 1910 about as much as Françoise Sagan. The most appalling waste is that of one of the few authentic great living jazz artists, the gospel singer Mahalia Jackson, who is utterly stifled by this piece of Hollywood-cum-Tin Pan Alley drivel. Those who wish to know what gospel singing, even by lesser artists, can be like, will have to listen to the hitherto unknown Miss Carrie Smith, who sings *I Want Jesus To Walk With Me* on one track of *Gospel Song at Newport* (Columbia), sending the ecstatic deep blue waves of her voice over us like a sea swell. It is a safe bet that she will not remain buried in the Back Home Choir of Newark, NJ, for long.

However, the most important recent event in British jazz is a set of five 12-inch LPs on London, *The Immortal Charlie Parker*, which show this staggering musician in the process of revolutionising jazz between 1944 and 1948. (The fact that he is unmentioned in the new Pelican *Guide to Recorded Jazz* [Penguin Books, 3s. 6d.] is sufficient comment on that shocking little book.) Few jazz players are worth a variorum edition (*i.e.*, a record of all the 'takes' on a session, including the dud ones), but Parker is, not only because of his extraordinary originality, but because his finest and most revolutionary solos were often only a knife-edge away from failure, being at the very limits of technical and emotional achievement: stringy and moving.

Besides them, what are we to say of such modernist LPs as *A Shearing Caravan* (MGM) except that it shows an English pianist who can hold his own in America as a player of sophisticated cocktail music, or Pete Rugolo's *Out on a Limb* (EmArcy) except that it is the West Coast jazz equivalent of those Hollywood sound-tracks which, so they say, are composed almost as fast as the orchestra can play them? Even *Study in Brown* (EmArcy) pales, for though the late Clifford Brown was a splendid, feathery and swinging trumpeter, he had not Parker's passion. It is for this touch of earthy 'blueness' that Art Blakey and his Jazz Messengers (*Hard Bop*, Philips) may be forgiven a certain lack of delicacy and precision.

It is much better to turn to the kind of jazz which does not compete with Parker. Unfortunately the devotee of traditionalism is not well supplied these days, though Jack Teagarden's *Big T's Jazz* (Brunswick) does this fine player justice. On the other hand, the lover of live unsectarian jazz still enjoys the inestimable benefit of what may be called the Clayton-Dickenson axis, the most reliable source of plain enjoyable jazz at present on the scene; as witness the Buck Clayton Septet's *Buckin' the Blues* (Vanguard), the *Buck Clayton Special* (Philips), with the aptly named 'You Can't Fight the Satellite Blues', and Vol. 4 of the *Vic Dickenson Septet* (Vanguard 10-inch). The historians will also enjoy *Swingin' At Maida Vale* (Decca) made by the fine reed-player and arranger Benny Carter with British musicians in 1936. Mr David Boulton, in his new book *Jazz in Britain* (W. H. Allen, 18s.), has argued that there is such a thing as English jazz as distinct from American. Probably there is, but not here. For Englishness we had much better stick to Ewan McColl and A. L. Lloyd's two small LPs of sea-chanties, *The Blackball Line* and *Row Bullies Row* (Topic), which are strongly recommended for the repertoire of any skiffle and folksong group.

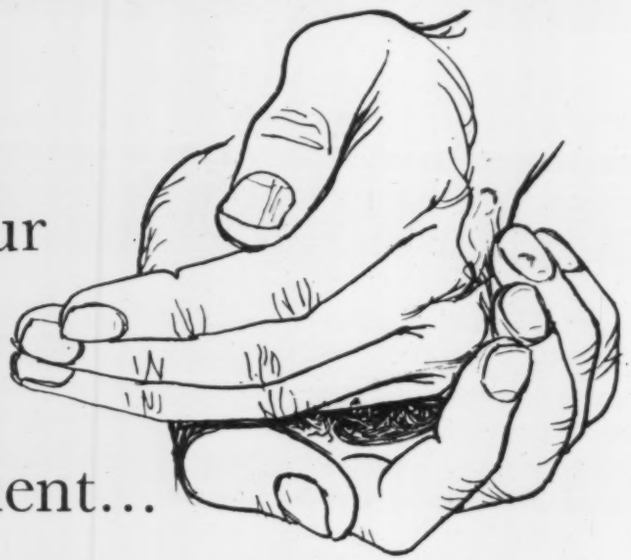
FRANCIS NEWTON

'Speaking of Murder', at the St Martin's

The object of this exercise is not to mystify but to thrill. The authors, Audrey and William Roos, proclaim that they have nothing up their sleeves, and they haven't much – except a very complicated but ingenious plot and some lucky turns of fortune's wheel. They put down these cards on the table and play them cold. Their Queen of Spades is a very black lady indeed, Annabelle Logan, and Miss Maxine Audley has to persuade us that she has run Charles Ashton's house for a number of years and endeared herself to him and his children, and yet is capable of deliberately shutting his second wife's dog in a safe and letting it die. After that it doesn't surprise us to learn that she had bumped off his first wife and is now planning for his second, Connie Barnes the film star, a fate no better than the dog's. It does surprise us a little that she should confide her intentions to a tippling ex-governess who is already blackmailing her for her first crime. But luck will take a hand there, and before it does we have a pleasant ginny piece of comedy from Miss Joyce Carey. Luck counts too much perhaps; it seems a weakness in the drama that Annabelle should be dealing with a pack of trusting idiots and has nothing more formidable to fight than coincidence. But with two charming children around (nicely played by James Ray and Pauline Knight) coincidence can be pretty formidable anyway; and not even Miss Audley, who combines ruthlessness and charm to a remarkable degree, can charm away coincidence.

T. C. W.

rub your hands with enjoyment...



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[NCT 1068]

Correspondence

DOCTOR'S DILEMMA

SIR,—Everybody who is concerned with the unfair tangle of the present abortion legislation will be grateful to Dr Chesser for his article last week. It is now many years since Lord Horder said:

> The anomaly that allows the well-to-do to get rid of the unwanted child without danger to life or reputation, yet denies such relief to the poor, is a stigma to which society is at last awakening.

But society's awakening is proving so slow that no action has been taken to implement the proposals made by the inter-departmental committee which reported in 1939. In replies to me in the House of Commons, the Home Secretary has taken the view that, because of the Bourne judgment, there is no 'practical need' to change the law. This seems to overlook the essential points—that the Bourne judgment was only a decision of a judge of first instance; that it is the privilege of parliament and not the function of judges to make law; and that legislation completely discordant with humane and modern thinking remains on the Statute Book. Moreover, the inter-departmental committee reported *after* the Bourne case, and recommended a change in the law that would, to a considerable extent, serve to codify the Bourne judgment. Surely this is a modest enough proposal?

Campaigners for abortion law reform are tiring from lack of opposition. One has to accept the special position of Roman Catholics. But, on the other hand, most important bodies concerned have expressed support for some measure of change including the National Council of Women, the Women's Co-operative Guilds, the Magistrates' Association and B.M.A. Political parties seem to regard the question as irrelevant dynamite, whereas it seems to me that acceptance of the present situation is connivance in one of the most intolerable and cruel forms of social unjustice. Recently, following an article in a popular Sunday paper, I was overwhelmed with letters of distress; the vast majority were from exhausted, middle-aged working-class housewives, who had already borne two, three or four children and felt unable to face a late, unwanted pregnancy. These are the women who bear most of the country's children. It is they, perhaps even more often than any others, who take to desperate back-street measures because the present law seems to them to make it impossible to seek the help they need with dignity and confidence in their doctor's surgery.

LENA M. JEGER

House of Commons

SIR,—It was encouraging to read Dr Chesser's reasoned plea for reform of the law relating to abortion. He said that he would not normally advocate abortion as an alternative to contraception. Why did he not go on to plead for a campaign for the inclusion of facilities for contraception in the National Health Service (in accordance with the recommendation of the Royal Commission on Population nearly ten years ago) to precede or at least to coincide with that for abortion law reform?

The countries he mentions, and others besides, after legalising abortion, have launched official campaigns for the control of conception. Why can't this country pursue the more logical course and put the horse before the cart?

Recently, a British expert went to Poland to teach family planning technique, and later (to quote a note issued by the Polish Cultural Institute) a new Association for Conscious Maternity was set up in Poland which 'will seek to ensure the lowest possible infant mortality, and to safeguard the health of women by instruction which will reduce the incidence of resort to abortion'.

And Poland is 95 per cent. Roman Catholic.

N. J. CLIFFORD SMITH

The Family Planning Association
64 Sloane Street, SW1

SIR,—Dr Eustace Chesser seems to be unaware that abortions are once more legal in USSR, made so by a decree of the Supreme Soviet dated 23 October, 1955. A full English translation of the relevant regulations is available (SCR Medical Bulletin, 1956, vol. 3, p. 25). The main provisions are that any woman can have an abortion in hospital provided that she is free from certain specified diseases, and has not had a previous abortion for six months, and is within the first 12 weeks of pregnancy. No questions are asked about the reasons for the desired abortion, but a fee is charged in cases where it is not done to safeguard the woman's health. This fee amounts to 50 or a 100 roubles according to the income of the family.

It has since been made abundantly clear in the press, lay and medical, that abortions should be discouraged by health propaganda, and increasing attention is now being paid to contraception as the chief method of family planning.

In spite of the repeal of the ban, the rate for illicit abortions was still very high in 1956; 30 per cent. of all abortions according to Lur'ye, the chief obstetrician-gynaecologist of the Ukrainian Republic (SCR Medical Bulletin, 1957, vol. 4, 6), who suggested that the reasons were the cost and the possible lack of secrecy.

Trends in the USSR are thus very relevant for all advocates of legal reform in other countries. It will be particularly interesting to know if legislation will eventually lead to a significant fall in the general abortion rate—the hope and motive of the Soviet medical authorities.

L. CROME

33 Valleyfield Road
SW16

SEX IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS

SIR,—I have been reading your correspondence on sex in public schools with great interest, while trying hard to suppress a slight feeling of 'one-upness'. I was fortunate enough to spend the last eight years at a coeducational progressive school, and was head boy there for a short time.

One must not regard these schools as the reverse of the normal boys' and girls' public schools, in that sex is considered to be essential. There were the usual talks on the subject by the house staff soon after we entered the school. We would then find out in our own time the best and the worst of the opposite sex. Surely this is the correct time to learn such things, for on leaving school the absence of discipline tends to make us irresponsible in all matters.

JOHN SALAMAN

Clare College
Cambridge

RELIGION IN THE SCHOOLS

SIR,—Rosemary Filmer writes of the grammar schools known to her that 'religious instruction was concerning with facts rather than opinion'. But what *are* the facts? Did Moses part the waters of the Red Sea? And if so, how did the Israelites cope with the thick mud at the bottom? Did the walls of Jericho fall as stated in the Bible? Did Jesus raise Lazarus from the dead? Much blood has been shed in the age-long disputes concerning these and numerous other religious 'facts'.

GEORGE HURREN

6 Malmsmead House
Homerton Road
E9

SIR,—It is not often a very young child gives any clue to the nature of its teaching at school. On this subject of religion I was fortunately taken into the confidence of a child of 5½ at a nursery school. The consequent disquiet that arose in my mind may be shared by your correspondents, and perhaps it is not out of place to record (verbatim) what was disclosed. As follows:—

'Miss B. says God lives up in the sky. Of course he can't! Anyhow aeroplanes go up into the sky and

Campaign for NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT

READING
Debate
Y.M.C.A. Hall, Friar Street. 13th June **7.30 p.m.**
Rev. GORDON P. SMAILES
MERVYN JONES
For the Campaign

HEMEL HEMPSTEAD
Salvation Army Hall, New Market Square.
16th June **8.00 p.m.**
Dr. PETER ASTBURY
Dr. ALEX COMFORT
MERVYN JONES

LIVERPOOL
Central Hall, Renshaw Street 17th June **8.00 p.m.**
IAN MIKARDO, M.P.
Rev. MICHAEL SCOTT

WANSTEAD
Sir James Hawkey Hall 18th June **7.45 p.m.**
Dr. ALEX COMFORT
SIDNEY B. OSBORN

CATERHAM
Community Hall 18th June **8.00 p.m.**
Prof. J. D. BERNAL
NIGEL CALDER
KONNI ZILLIACUS

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St. Brides Hall, Fleet Street. 18th June
8.00 p.m.
Dr. D. G. ARNOTT
STEPHEN SWINGLER

ROMFORD
Laurie Hall 19th June **7.45 p.m.**
MERVYN JONES

CHICHESTER
Assembly Rooms, North Street. 19th June **8.00 p.m.**
Dr. PETER ASTBURY
PEGGY DUFF

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Speakers:
Dame PEGGY ASHCROFT **MARGHANITA LASKI**
JILL BALCON **Dame ALIX MEYNELL**
DIANA COLLINS **EDITA MORRIS**
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none of them have ever seen God's house.'

'Miss B. says Jesus is the Son of God. God made him. God couldn't do that 'cos he's a boy. It was Mary borned Jesus, not God.' Then, after a moment's reflection: 'But God could be his Uncle. I 'spec' he is.'

'Mary's dead. But Jesus isn't dead yet. He gets to be a baby again at Christmas. He *never dies!* Magic. What a magic he must be!'

The child had recently been given a book about extinct animals. After hearing the story about Adam and Eve which was related correctly and factually, she said:

'They could *see* God in those days. It was old-fashioned. Now he is in-vis-abull. I 'spec' he's extinct, don't you?'

Later, after further 'instruction':

'God must be clever. He makes people, even their insides'.

In an effort to introduce another angle it was suggested that God was also kind and good and so all good things belonged to him. But all this produced was:

'Not so much *kind*—clever.' And that was that.

Before she went to school this child's understanding of the unseen had sprung from a reproduction she had of Holman Hunt's *Good Shepherd;* someone who loved animals, as she did, and would find little children when they were lost, and was friendly and approachable.

What had the school teaching done to this basic understanding?

L. C. M. LOCKHART

Englefield Green
Surrey

THE COMMUNISTS AND THE BOMB

SIR,—Mr Archibald Robertson is right in holding the Communist Party in high esteem. I have followed its antics with friendly amazement for 30 years and conclude that it rarely takes more than nine months to abandon really fatuous positions and get into line with enlightened opinion. Other political movements are less responsive. But over the issue of unilateral nuclear disarmament the nine months are not yet up. The Communist Party is still in opposition and it ensures that those peace organisations that it controls or influences shall be in opposition too. This appears to be an important article of faith even although the reasons given suggest that many Communists do not understand why.

Mr Archibald Robertson was right in thinking that unilateral nuclear disarmament, although supported by many speakers at meetings, was not the official policy of the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament. There was some evasiveness in the early publications that was embarrassing to people like me who think that, when you see a correct course of conduct, you follow it regardless of what others may be doing. But the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament has now made its mind up and states unequivocally: 'We shall seek to persuade the British people that Britain must renounce unconditionally the use or production of nuclear weapons and refuse to allow their use by others in her defence'.

N. W. PIRIE

Harpenden

SOUTH AFRICAN FREEDOM

SIR,—The victory of the Strijdom government in the recent South African general election and the spread of racial intolerance to other parts of the African continent must not be allowed to cause despondency among those who have the cause of African freedom at heart. On the contrary, these painful events demand redoubled effort on the part of freedom loving people, everywhere, in order that the ultimate catastrophe for whites and non-whites may be averted.

Convinced that the majority of South Africans living, studying or working in Britain would like to give maximum support to the men and women within South Africa who are fighting for liberty and tolerance under very difficult circumstances, we have decided to establish the South African Freedom Association. The principal objects of the Association as set out in its Constitution are:—

(a) to render maximum moral, financial and organisational support to industrial, political and other bodies which are working for a democratic South Africa, and to publications opposing oppression and racial intolerance.

(b) to assist victims of persecution with legal defence, also their dependants.

(c) to keep the people of Britain informed of events in South Africa.

We appeal to all South Africans who want to see their country a great democratic nation, free from fear and anxiety about the future, respected, not despised by civilised people, to become members of our Association, send us generous donations and help our work in every other way. Membership is 5s. per year (minimum). We take this opportunity of expressing our warm gratitude to the people of Britain, the British press, the churches, trade union and labour organisations, student bodies and others for the great services they have rendered to the cruelly oppressed African people. We welcome non-South Africans as members of our Association and would be grateful to receive donations from them.

To commemorate South African Freedom Day we are holding a public meeting at Friends House, Euston Road, on 26 June at 7.30 p.m. to which all friends of African freedom are cordially invited.

ANDRE UNGAR, *Chairman*
E. S. SACHS, *Hon. Secretary*

South African Freedom Association
51 Deansway
London N2

LAWYERS IN ALGERIA

SIR,—Your readers who will have been following the recent events in France with anxiety, will no doubt be gravely disturbed by the following information which has just reached this country.

When the Algerian insurrection broke out three weeks ago, a number of Paris lawyers were in Algeria, where they had been engaged professionally as defence counsel in political cases. Two of these, Maîtres Gisèle Halimi and Pierre Braun had on several occasions taken part in such cases, chiefly before military tribunals, and they were due to return to Paris by air on 14 May. The interruption of air services compelled them to embark on Thursday, 15 May, on board the steamship *Kairouan* which was due to leave Algiers in the early afternoon. The sailing was delayed at the behest of a parachute officer who ordered a further identity check of the passengers. In the course of this check, Halimi and Braun were arrested, disembarked under military escort, and taken off by lorry.

Five days later professional colleagues in Paris learned that they had been taken to a camp outside Algiers controlled by parachute troops (Centre du 'Casino de la Corniche') where they were kept in cells and interrogated for long periods. Subsequently they were transferred to a concentration camp at Tefeschoun where they are apparently still held in custody.

The Bâtonnier de l'Ordre des Avocats has demanded their release without success. Representations have been made to the International Red Cross, but so far without result.

The cases of Halimi and Braun of the Paris bar are of course in addition to those of six members of the Algiers bar who have been detained in camps for over a year.

The Haldane Society is making representations to the French Embassy in London. Should any of your readers wish to support these by themselves writing to the Ambassador, we feel it could do nothing but good.

B. A. MARDER
Hon. Secretary

Haldane Society
2 Paper Buildings
Temple, EC4

THE ENGINEER AS PROPHET

SIR,—Mr Berger ends his article on 'The Engineer as Prophet' with a direct challenge to me, which I gladly accept. He asks: would I call a jet plane mounted on its tail 'an image of universal beauty'?

No, because that would not be its natural (i.e., functional) position. If you stand a statue of Apollo on its head, it is no longer an image of universal beauty. Gabo's construction in Rotterdam, which Gabo himself has compared to a tree, rises organically out of the ground, and was meant to do so.

Let me offer an anecdote to match Mr Berger's. I was lunching with Gabo in Rotterdam the day after the 'unveiling' of his monument, and the waiter in the restaurant became aware, during the course of the meal, whom he was serving. At the end of the meal he seized his opportunity and asked Gabo how much would it cost to have a small model of 'het Ding' (as he called it) made—he loved it so much he wanted to possess a replica.

Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament

NO H-BOMBS IN BRITAIN

Join us on the

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Sunday, June 22nd

Assembly point	Assembly time	Route	Co-ordinator	Phone
East Finchley (Tube)	**1.45 p.m.**	Archway; Kentish Town Rd.; Camden Town; Hampstead Rd.; Tott. Ct. Rd.; Charing Cross Rd.;	**Mrs R. A. M. Gregson** 26 Thurlstone Ave., London N.12	ENT 4873
Streatham Common (West Side)	**12.15 p.m.**	Tooting Bec Rd.; Balham High Rd.; Clapham Common; Clapham Rd.; Kennington Pk. Rd.; St. George's Rd.; Whitehall	**Bill Evans** 14 Friends Rd., Croydon	Day Dial WAL ask for 5330 Home CRO 2180
Ilford (Roden St.)	**12.15 p.m.**	Romford Rd.; Bow Rd.; Mile End Rd.; Whitechapel; Fleet St.	**Dave Goodman** 209 Coventry Rd., Ilford, Essex	Syd Kaye VAL 0782
Turnham Green (Green)	**2.00 p.m.**	King St., Hammersmith; Kensington High St.; Knightsbridge; Piccadilly; Haymarket.	**Robert Cattevall** 3 Cromwell Rd., Teddington, Middx.	KIN 9390

TRAFALGAR SQUARE 7 p.m.

Contact any of the above for information.

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Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, Head Office, 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4.

Gabo's monument is exactly what Mr Berger demands of man-made beauty – the beauty which expresses hope. He makes the mistake of assuming that Gabo meant it to express function. All Gabo's work is a denial of this interpretation: it is as symbolic, and as transcendental, as the Gothic cathedral.

But I agree there is a also beauty which expresses function – look at the new Boeing DC8, not 'mounted on its tail,' but gliding an image of universal beauty through the firmament!

HERBERT READ

GRAHAM WALLAS

SIR,—I am grateful to 'Critic' for his appreciative note about my article in *The Times* on Graham Wallas's Centenary. But there are two minor points on which I would ask leave to comment. 'Critic' says that I was 'not quite right about Wallas's connection with the Fabians, from whom he separated in 1902 over the Education Bill'. I did no more than state the fact that he resigned from the Fabian Society after 20 years' membership: I said nothing as to his reasons, about which I had no special knowledge at the time and have no recollection now.

The other point is 'Critic's' observation that 'Lord Samuel is surely quite wrong in suggesting that his influence was greater than, or indeed comparable to, that of Sidney Webb or Bernard Shaw.' I should undoubtedly have been both wrong and foolish if I had suggested anything of the kind. But I was in fact referring only to the visits of those three leading Fabians to Oxford in the early 1890s – when none of them was yet famous – in order to propagate their ideas among the budding politicians in the university, and I said I thought that of the three, the speeches and conversation of Graham Wallas carried the most influence. I said nothing in my article about the place in British politics of Wallas in comparison with Webb and Shaw.

SAMUEL

32 Porchester Terrace, W2

EIFFELMANSHIP

SIR,—I realise from the conversation of friends (not always meant for my own ears) that a lot of people think that neither I, nor your proof-readers, can spell. For the sake of that hard-pressed body of men, the Association of Correctors of the Press may I be permitted to point out that 'Shear Strength' is a precise term in engineering, just as 'Sheer Strength' is an imprecise term in poetry or rhetoric.

REYNER BANHAM

DUEL OF ANGELS

SIR,—Your dramatic critic writes that Jean Giraudoux's play, *Pour Lucrèce*, was 'not quite finished'. In fairness I feel that I must refute this statement. As was his custom, my father had written two versions of *Pour Lucrèce*. Jean-Louis Barrault in his production, both in Paris and in London, inserted into the second version three or four phrases from the first, and made those cuts that had been agreed on whilst my father was still alive.

JEAN-PIERRE GIRAUDOUX

27 Quai des Grand Augustins
Paris VI

SPRINGTIME TWO

SIR,—As the publisher of Patrick Galvin's *Heart of Grace*, from which selection Mr Peter Owen reprinted the disputed poem in his *Springtime Two*, may I correct – on behalf, I am sure, of all publishers rightly so styled – Mr Owen's assumption that it is the function or right of an editor to alter, without permission, a poet's work?

I feel much less sour about Mr Owen's omission to make acknowledgments to me, as publisher, than I do at the horrific suggestion that Messrs Cocteau, Pound, Hesse and Kavan have after all only been filtered through to us via the fine-mesh sieve of Mr Owen's patient Muse!

JON WYNNE-TYSON

The Linden Press
London, N6

SIR,—'I did not write the line that has been tampered with hastily, or without due attention. . . There is a roughness on a plum which nobody that understands fruit would rub off, though the plum would be much more polished without it. . . . I never did and never will sacrifice the spirit or sense of a passage to the sound of it.'—S. T. Coleridge, c. 1784. 'An ill-favoured thing, sir, *but mine own*.'—W. Shakespeare, c. 1590.

Charlotte Brontë 'improved' Emily's poems: but at least the author of them was then dead, and had nothing to say in the matter. What is one supposed to do when permission is refused and the refusal ignored?

PATRICK GALVIN

WALTER DE LA MARE

SIR,—A biography of my father, Walter de la Mare, and a selection from his letters are now in hand. I should be very grateful if the owners of letters or any other material would be kind enough to inform me.

FLORENCE THOMPSON

Dykes
Henfield, Sussex

KENNETH GRAHAME

SIR,—I am collecting material for a new study of Kenneth Grahame, the author of *The Wind in the Willows*, and would be glad to hear from any reader who possesses letters from him, or has information concerning any aspect of his life.

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LONGMANS

Summer Books Supplement

ALL OUT ON SUNDAY: COMMITMENT IN THE THIRTIES

One evening in 1931, at closing time, with four friends, undergraduates like myself, I came up the steps from a pub, was promptly flung against a plate-glass window by a policeman and, as I went down, saw Sir Oswald Mosley, escorted by a posse of cops, moving briskly along New Street, Birmingham, with a displeased crowd in pursuit. The spectacle was the more interesting because, until an hour or so before, my friends and I had constituted the Birmingham University branch of Sir Oswald's New Party. We had just disbanded it in beer, having heard Mosley speak in the Town Hall and surveyed the regiment, as yet un-uniformed, of plug-uglies that lined the walls. We had seen no point in waiting for the meeting to end. Unwittingly, we had found ourselves on the wrong band-wagon. It seemed, as Mr Empson says, the best thing to be up and go.

No doubt we were political virgins, as were many of those who suddenly discovered the New Party had become Fascist over night. But if we were mugs we were mugs in very respectable company. Mosley had left the Labour Government and the Labour Party because of their utter inability to cope with the problem of unemployment. He had taken a number of Labour members with him, and the party he founded became the natural haven of men and women outraged by the spectacle of mass-unemployment and angered by the failure of the main parties to do anything about it. The notion of what is now called the Establishment, like the word in its present usage, was unknown to us; we thought, instead, of an Old Gang. We had formed our university branch of the New Party partly as an undergraduate snook at the Old Gang (and sure enough, the Pro-Chancellor tore down our posters), partly as a gesture of support for the New Party candidate in the Combined English Universities constituency, who was Harold Nicolson.

When I think of my own experience of the Thirties the emergence of the New Party at its very beginning is one of my fixed points of reference, both for what it promised and for how it ended. The other is the irruption of Auden a few months earlier. One says 'irruption' because Auden had the immediate effect of a force of nature, an earthquake or tornado that changes the whole face of a countryside within a matter of minutes. More than any other English writer, Auden gave the age its idiom and its imagery; and what was initially exciting in him was the extraordinary precision with which he managed to suggest the immediately contemporary scene and mood. The dreary progress of the Thirties may be summed up in the sequence: mass-unemployment, the Nazi revolution, Spain, war. But the Spanish War did not begin until 1936, and during the first years of the decade it was mass-unemployment that obsessed us, and not unemployment alone but unemployment as the visible symptom of a chronically sick society. This Auden brilliantly expressed in the imagery of his poems, in his famous question, 'What do you think about England, this country of ours where nobody is well?' and in lines like:

> Get there if you can and see the land you once were proud to own
> Though the roads have almost vanished and the expresses never run:
> Smokeless chimneys, damaged bridges, rotting wharves and choked canals,
> Tramlines buckled, smashed trucks lying on their side across the rails;
> Power-stations locked, deserted, since they drew the boiler fires;
> Pylons fallen or subsiding, trailing dead high-tension wires;
> Head-gears gaunt on grass-grown pit-banks, seams abandoned years ago;
> Drop a stone and listen for its splash in flooded dark below.

The literature of the Thirties seems to me today to have been primarily social in its implications rather than political. It was a socially committed poetry. Auden, Day Lewis and MacNeice wrote their poems as social men, seeing themselves as citizens, husbands, fathers, men possessed of friends and possessed of opinions on matters outside poetry, and they considered their poetry should reflect all these aspects of them. To find a comparable range of social reference in poetry it is probably necessary to go back to Pope and the eighteenth century. How far they succeeded as poets is another question. Today, they are under-rated, often absurdly so. In the Thirties, one effect of their work was certainly to expand the social consciousness of their readers.

I think this was largely true also of the fiction of the time. If it looks otherwise now it is because good novelists do not go on repeating the one book. Until 1938, for example, Henry Green was the author only of *Blindness* and *Living*, and *Living*, which had appeared nine years earlier and is still the best novel about factory life written by an Englishman, excited us much as Auden's poems did and for similar reasons. Again, novels like *It's a Battlefield*, *England Made Me* and *Gun for Sale*, however different they may look in the light of *The Heart of the Matter* and *The End of the Affair*, were very much of their time, with their backgrounds of working-class life and Communist meetings, international finance and the intrigue of armament manufacturers. And all the time there were the best-sellers; you would have had to be an ostrich to have escaped *Love on the Dole* either as novel, play or film.

It was the rise of Fascism that turned social concern on the part of many young writers into direct political involvement for some of them. As good a date as any to mark the change is Spring, 1936, with the first number of *New Writing* and its statement that it did not 'intend to open its pages to writers of reactionary or Fascist sentiments'. *New Writing*, too, showed that the literature of social and political involvement was international. Unemployment was almost universal, and Fascism threatened all, so that when the young American poet Alfred Hayes, known now as the author of *In Love* and *My Face for the World to See*, novels of a kind he can scarcely have guessed in the Thirties he would ever write, wrote his poem 'The Coffee Pot', he spoke for the out-of-work everywhere:

> Night after night in this cheap coffee pot
> I brood upon our lives. I rot. They rot.
> The Greek's awakened from his dream. The dead cigar
> Drops ash. He wipes the coffee bar.
> He goes to fill the boiler once again.
> The clock hand moves. A fly soars down
> And stalks the sugar bowl's bright rim.
> And I compare myself with him – this fly and I –
> He crawls head downwards down a peeling wall
> And I crawl after him.
> You ask 'Tomorrow?' . . . . Go ask Fernando in the eat-quick joint.
> Ask Jorgensen pounding Sixth Avenue. Ask Martinelli too,
> Watching the hole enlarging in his shoe.
> And ask me here – alone with the crawling flies –
> And I . . . I have seen the pain there in their eyes.
> We shall not sit forever here and wait.
> We shall not sit forever here and rot.
> The agencies are filing cards of hate.
> And I have seen how men lift up their hands
> And turn them so and pause –
> And so the slow brain moves and understands –
> And so with million hands.

Compared with that of other countries, our fiction of social protest was mild and tame, I suppose because though there was misery enough in England there was little violence. We produced nothing to set beside Dos Passos's *U.S.A.*, Farrell's *Studs Lonigan* or Cantwell's *Land of Plenty*. It seems significant now that much of the best English fiction of the time with political implications had foreign settings; one thinks of Isherwood's Berlin stories, Ralph Bates's *The Olive Field*, even *England Made Me*. What was called proletarian fiction tended to be the record of passive suffering. Its interest for the most part lay in its documentary qualities, and perhaps the most characteristic work of the period was in reporting and documentary, in books like *The Road to Wigan Pier* and *English Journey* and in the films of the Empire Marketing Board and Post Office Film Units.

It was from the European novelists, Malraux and Silone especially, that we got imaginative understanding of Fascism. But the Spanish War changed everything. The young are bored with it; but it was one of those events in history – the Suez action would probably have been another, had it been allowed to go on – when every man must take sides willy nilly. Again it was Auden who expressed the mood and the urgency:

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Tomorrow for the young the poets exploding like bombs,
The walks by the lake, the weeks of perfect communion;
Tomorrow the bicycle races
Through the suburbs on summer evenings. But today the struggle.

Today the deliberate increase in the chances of death,
The conscious acceptance of guilt in the necessary murder;
Today the expending of powers
On the flat ephemeral pamphlet and the boring meeting.

When the Spanish War had been lost and the war for which it was the dress-rehearsal had begun, Cyril Connolly wrote in these columns:

> It is a quality of an artist to be more imaginative and more truthful than his fellow-men. For years this greater sensibility and objectivity have wrecked themselves in political causes, and forced political realities on many who would have been stronger exempt from them. The writers with the deepest sense of humanity have expended and often wasted that sense in the hopeless struggle for Manchurians, Abyssinians, Austrians, Spaniards, Chinese and Czechs. What they could say, they have said, what they could feel, they have felt, and no historical change has resulted. Yet there had been one result, a war which was inevitable may have been precipitated, and writers now live in a world no longer political but military. The fight against Fascism is in the hands of the General Staff, and there is no further use for the minor prophet.

One sees the point. I am still man of the Thirties enough to disagree.

WALTER ALLEN

The Last War: by Edwin Muir

I

No place at all for bravery in that war
Nor mark where one might make a stand,
Nor use for eye or hand
To discover and reach the enemy
Hidden in boundless air.
No way to attempt, to save
By our own death the young that they might die
Sometime a different death. The thought Again
That made a promise to mortality –
Gave pathos and distance, reason and rhyme –
Will walk a little before us to the grave
While we are still in time for a little time.

II

Or shall we think only of night and day
Vacantly visiting the vacant earth
And stare in hatred at the turncoat sun
That shines on glittering oes where thought of birth
Will never be – till birth will be a dream
Of a quaint custom in another place,
And we shall gaze in wonder face to face.
Or shall we picture bird and tree
Silently falling, and think of all the words
By which we forged earth, night and day
And ruled with such strange ease our work and play?
Now only the lexicon of a dream.
And we see our bodies buried in falling birds.

III

Shall we all die together?
Perhaps nothing at all will be but pain,
A choking and floundering, or gigantic stupor
Of a world-wide deserted hospital ward.
There will be strange good-byes, more strange than those
That once were spoken by terrified refugees,
Our harbingers: some of them lost in shipwreck,
Spilling salt angry tears in the salt waves,
Their lives waste-water sucked through a gaping hole,
Yet all the world around them; hope and fear.
We thought too idly of them, not knowing we
Might founder on common earth and choke in air,
Without one witness. Will great visions come,
And life lie clear at last as it says, Good-bye,
Good-bye, I have borne with you a little while?
Or shall we remember shameful things concealed,
Mean coldnesses and wounds too eagerly given?

IV

A tree thin sick and pale by a north wall,
A smile splintering a face –
I saw them today, suddenly made aware
That ordinary sights appal,
So that a tree mistreated wounds the heart,
A twisted smile twists inward through the mind
Ingeniously to find
Its place and claim a lifelong tenancy there.
That is not strange but the most ancient art,
I thought, consummate, still and blind.

I wondered if some pure ancestral head
Kept vigil there, but thought, Our eyes are led
Through endless circles of impure reflection,
Pilfering, pillaging what is not their own
In idle greed. Face mirrors face,
Mixing to generate an image sown
By casual desire or disaffection,
Assembles a common face
Aped from the crowd-face and the festive room.
And waiting lost and still
In the empty glass where it presents a will
That is not ours. Imagined, then, by whom?

I thought, our help is in all that is full-grown
In nature, and all that is with hands well-made,
Carved in verse or stone
Or a harvest yield. There is the harmony
By which we know our own and the world's health,
The simply good, great counterpoise
To blind nonentity,
Ever renewed and squandered wealth.
Yet not enough. Because we could not wait
To untwist the twisted smile and make it straight
Or render restitution to the tree.
We who were wrapped so warm in foolish joys
Did not have time to call on pity
For all that is sick, and heal and remake our city.

V

About the well of life where we are made
Spirits of earth and heaven together lie.
They do not turn their bright heads at our coming,
So deep their dream of pure commingled being,
So still the air and the level beam that flows
Along the ground, shed by the flowers and waters:
All above and beneath them a deep darkness.
Their bodies lie in shadow or buried in earth,
Their heads shine in the light of the underworld.
Loaded with fear and crowned with every hope
The born stream past them to the longed for place.

Not the Whole Truth

Brighter than a Thousand Suns. By ROBERT JUNGK. *Gollancz* with *Hart-Davis.* 21*s.*

This book is an account, somewhere on the frontier between journalism and history, of the discovery of nuclear fission, the manufacture of the first A-bombs and their use on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, and the technical and moral controversies about whether H-bombs should be made. Let me say at once, because I want to say some other things, that the book is remarkably good of its kind. I don't know anything of the author, except that he writes in German. From internal evidence, he is not a physicist or engineer, and once or twice he misses a technical trick; on the whole, though, he has done astonishingly well with the scientific parts of the story. Appreciably better, oddly enough, than with the human ones. His general human feeling is strong; he is on the side of the species all right, and one of the qualities that makes the book so attractive is a moral sensibility at the same time delicate and tough. To him, as to a good many of us, the dropping of the first A-bombs remains a traumatic folly and crime, and he produces valuable evidence about what the scientists and politicians and soldiers said in the discussions which preceded it. But he does not show much insight into individual men, and the only psychological portrait that emerges is the singularly unflattering one of Oppenheimer.

Nevertheless, this is by far the most interesting historical work on the atomic bomb that I know of; it is just because it may be taken as completely authentic that I want to raise some questions. I don't pretend to know the answers to all of them. I suspect that no-one does. This is, however, the most important set of events of our age. For the sake of historical justice, and also for guidance in what we do now, we ought to get the record straight.

First, I am sure that Dr Jungk seriously undervalues the contribution of this country, not only in the fundamental scientific work that led up to fission, but also in the development of the bomb. His sources of information appear to have been mainly German, and they have caused him to put several emphases wrong. He gives an idyllic picture of Göttingen in pre-Hitler days, full of sweetness for anyone who knew the place; but he has been induced to believe that the order of importance in nuclear physics between 1920 and 1933 was (1) Göttingen, (2) Copenhagen (3) Cambridge. That is, to put it mildly, ill-judged. From Dr Jungk's own list of authorities, he has not collected verbal evidence from any English member of the pre-war Cavendish. He has underplayed how little the refugee scientists in the USA were able to do between 1939 and 1941, and how decisive the impact was there of the G. P. Thomson report, based on the English work, in 1941.

He has also, I think, not understood that the attitude of English scientists at that time was just as simple, and just as morally resolved, as that of the refugees. The English scientists did not need telling what the Third Reich was like. They believed – right up to the invasion of Germany – that Hitler might get the A-bomb first (it is curious how bad the intelligence was). They thought that there was no option but to see that didn't happen. Except for absolute pacifists, I can remember no-one who took a different view. I think they would all take the same view now. As someone on the periphery, I should still do so myself.

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JONATHAN CAPE

That brings up my second question. Dr Jungk has interviewed the physicists who remained in Germany, notably Heisenberg and Weizsäcker. Their case, which he accepts, is that they deliberately went slow over the bomb: they were so horrified at the thought of their government having such a weapon, that they pretended to be working on it, but didn't really try. Heisenberg and Weizsäcker are most distinguished scientists, and they deserve to be judged by their equals. I should dearly love to hear what, in the face of that story, their equals say. For years after 1933, they were both, it is fair to recall, not Nazis, but something like Nazi fellow-travellers. Many of us would have behaved supinely, making excuses to ourselves, under such a totalitarian regime: but when one of Dr Jungk's unnamed German authorities says –

> We were really no better morally and intellectually than our foreign colleagues. But by the time the war began we had already learned from the bitter experience of nearly seven years under Hitler that we had to treat the State and its executive organisations with suspicion and reserve –

– that is a good deal more than I can take. It is not decent to blame a man for the kind of cowardice one might have shown oneself: but it is reasonable to expect him not to patronise one afterwards.

Third question: can Dr Jungk substantiate his most serious allegation against Oppenheimer? He makes it clear that Oppenheimer was not big enough for the events he was taking part in (Oppenheimer, Fermi, A. H. Compton and Lawrence were the 'scientific panel' asked to advise about the use of the first A-bombs – and it was the latter pair who raised the only protests, very feeble protests, before Hiroshima). But that is not the serious charge. Dr Jungk also says explicitly that, through a mixture of histrionics and careerism, Oppenheimer ruined the career of an innocent man and close friend, Haakon Chevallier. I have never heard this said before. It cannot appear in the record of Oppenheimer's examination, or Diana Trilling would have spotted it during her brilliant analysis in the *Partisan Review*. Dr Jungk gives a lot of information straight from Chevallier himself. Is it authentic? (Most of us know nothing for or against Chevallier personally, except that he is a very good translator.) Presumably Dr Jungk is satisfied about it – because he could not, on the plane of ordinary human responsibility, have brought a more devastating charge.

There are several more minor questions. They all need looking at, before the book carries the factual authority that it requires, and on many moral grounds deserves. What the author is impressively good at is conveying the immense complex of half-decisions which led up to Hiroshima. Anyone who wants to understand just how decisions are taken, or not taken, in a highly organised managerial society, ought to ask himself, who really decided to drop that bomb? Truman thinks he did. In legalistic terms, that is true. But General Groves, not in other respects a deep or far-sighted thinker, knew much more of the climate of opinion and how inner politics works, when he said, 'Truman did not so much say "Yes," as not say "No." It would have taken a lot of nerve to say "No," at that time'.

There is a final irony. Dr Jungk includes as a last appendix a letter written by Franck and six other Chicago scientists to the Secretary of War, in June 1945, when the first atomic bomb had been made but before it was tested. That letter gave a forecast of what was likely to happen if the bomb were used on Japan and if the United States went on trying to preserve it as the prime military secret. As a forecast, the Franck letter is slap-on our present position. That might argue superhuman prescience on behalf of Franck and his friends. The irony is, such prescience was not needed. They were all intelligent and humane men who could see an inch beyond their noses. Of the similar men I met at that time who knew what was going on, nine out of ten made forecasts of just about the same kind. It was easy to be right.

C. P. Snow

Fair Assertions

England's on the Anvil! By John Raymond. *Collins.* 18*s.*

Théophile Gautier, whom his friend Baudelaire, in the dedication of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, hailed both as an 'impeccable poet' and as 'the perfect magician' of contemporary French writing, was also, for economic reasons, an exceedingly industrious journalist; and, unlike most artists turned literary journalist, he did not utter loud complaints about the difficulties and indignities of his task. Indeed, he once asserted in his daughter's hearing that he found it easy enough to compose an article: he rarely paused to consider how his sentences should end – or how the ideas they contained should be developed – but picked his phrases up, tossed them into the air and allowed them to come down again on all four feet. This, apparently, they never failed to do. But Gautier would have had a much more awkward job, had he contributed front-page essays to a modern weekly paper. Within the compass of fifteen hundred words – two thousand perhaps, if the editor feels exceptionally generous – a writer can seldom find the space to throw his words and his ideas around. No sooner has he set off with a fine flourish than it is time to think of concluding his argument with a brisk judicious summary. Should he exceed his limit by as much as a dozen lines, he receives a reproof from the editorial chair. . . .

Such is the problem that Mr John Raymond describes in his foreword to the present volume. On its fly-leaf he prints a fragment of Lucian: 'What assertions (observes a character in Lucian's dialogue) all surprising and none moderate!' And Mr Raymond then proceeds to explain that, if his collected essays seem to be largely composed of surprising and assertive statements – 'moderate and immoderate, tentative and categorical, hasty or long-matured' – that is because, in the kind of literary journalism he has been practising for the last ten years, 'a writer generally lacks space to elaborate or qualify his assertions', and must relinquish the privilege of cultivating a 'just and exhaustive mean' to the academic critic and the Mandarin 'belle-lettrist'. Here it strikes me that he undervalues his gifts. True, many of the essays he has resurrected would be more satisfying were they several pages thicker, and some of his assertions might be slightly more convincing had they been delivered with a less dogmatic air. But, in six or seven, occasionally in nine or ten pages, Mr Raymond almost always makes a definite impression on his subject and, though he may not have time to penetrate to its centre, suggests persuasively where the heart of the matter lies. Thank heavens, he is not a sociological critic, and shows very few traces of political or religious bias; but he makes a point, whenever he is discussing a book, of relating the author's life and work to the background of his period. Besides a keen histori-

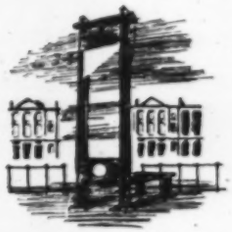
cal sense – a somewhat uncommon attribute among the critics of his generation – he reveals a deep interest in the mysteries of human character and has enriched the margins of his text with many lively portrait-sketches. Incidentally, he has the knack of conveying enjoyment and of reviving his readers' affection for the books that they already know. This he does in a fluent prose style admirably suited to his critical purpose. It bounds smoothly and jubilantly along, from the challenging first paragraph to the neat decisive summing-up.

Another pleasant feature of *England's on the Anvil!* is the breadth and catholicity of the essayist's range. One is not surprised to see him writing of Johnson – whose heroic stature he has fully grasped – or Horace Walpole or Sydney Smith – whose 'quotability', from a critic's point of view, is not the least of their outstanding virtues; but much more unexpected is his attitude towards certain popular writers of the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries, including Hilaire Belloc, G. K. Chesterton, Sir Compton Mackenzie and John Buchan. It is by no means a destructive attitude; nor is it priggish and supercilious. On the contrary, there are moments when he appears to have travelled so far in the opposite direction that readers less appreciative than himself may be inclined, like the friends of Belloc's Matilda, to gasp and stretch astonished eyes. Does Mr Raymond really mean what he says when he suggests that 'the strong tide now flowing in Belloc's favour . . . will eventually sweep him into harbour among the supreme masters of English prose, alongside Swift and Gibbon'? A great man, he announces elsewhere, 'has been consistently denigrated and dishonoured because his faith and opinions happened to be at variance with the ethos of Mr Gollancz . . . and of the Left Book Club'. Gifted and courageous though Belloc was, that surely is going it a little strong? As for Chesterton, he may be remembered (the critic surmises), if not as a man of genius, at all events as 'one of the few genuinely good human beings in the annals of literature'; while Sir Compton Mackenzie, despite the fact that he began as 'the Owen Nares of contemporary fiction' and is today 'the twinkling Seymour Hicks of the English novel', proves to be a brilliant delineator of the passions, no doubt inspired by his early acquaintanceship with the poems of Propertius: '. . . No one can describe first love like Mackenzie. . . . Few writers have recorded so faithfully the devastations love leaves in its wake'.

Mr Raymond's essay on Buchan, however, is an unusually shrewd and well-balanced piece of critical analysis, in which he gives not only a portrait of the man and an impression of his more rewarding books, but an account of the ambitious proconsular age – the heyday of Milner and Cromer and Curzon – that shaped his public ideals and helped to form his private character. Nor does he omit the delightful story of an odd week-end when the late Lord Lovelace asked Buchan and Henry James to look through his explosive Byron archives. 'Masses of ancient indecency (said Buchan). . . . The thing certainly made me sick but my colleague never turned a hair. His only words for some special vileness were "singular" – "most curious" – "nauseating perhaps but how quite inexpressibly significant".'

Just as shrewd as Mr Raymond's treatment of Buchan – and no less sympathetic on a very different level – is his handling of George Orwell, in an essay entitled 'Barrack-Room Lawyer'. He refuses to leave the Orwell legend unquestioned; but he pays a high tribute to the integrity of the writer himself. 'There was more than a touch of the belly-aching, barrack-room lawyer about Or-

what a press!



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well. He was a grievance-hunter, a nailer-down of grievances . . . ever on the prowl for examples of man's inhumanity to man. . . .' But, although 'he loathed oppressors of every kind . . . once they had been tumbled down, he was the first to turn round and feel sorry for them'. In fact, notwithstanding his prejudices, George Orwell had an extremely fair mind; and fairness and sympathy, coupled with liveliness, are among the most engaging qualities that these essays exhibit. Mr Raymond may be hasty, but he is never lazy; every essay rests on a solid basis of knowledge, and his knowledge covers a remarkably wide field. Now I shall look forward to a full-length volume, constructed around a single subject, in which his talents as a critic and a portraitist will find the elbow-room that they deserve and need.

PETER QUENNELL

That Russian Holiday

Moscow: A Short Guide. *Central Books: Moscow.* 4*s.* 6*d.*

Russian Phrase Book. *Collins.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

Nagel's Travel Guide: Moscow and Leningrad. *Muller.* 36*s.*

Going to Russia? By KATHLEEN TAYLOR. *Lawrence & Wishart.* 13*s.* 6*d.*

A Cockney in Moscow. By HAROLD ELVIN. *Cresset.* 21*s.*

Students of semantics have frequently observed that when the Russians adopt a foreign word they tend to endow it with a slightly different meaning from the one it carries in common usage in the original. Their use of the word *turist* is a case in point. When applied to Russians it generally means a hiker, moreover an organised hiker who has submitted himself to fitness and compass-reading tests – who is, in short, a *sportsmen (sic)*.

The obvious inapplicability of the word in this sense to the foreign tourist tempts the average Russian to fall back on the words *delegat*, or *gost* (visitor or guest), both of which are status words guaranteed to put one at the head of the queue filing into the Lenin Mausoleum or even to secure passage past the barriers in the foyer of the Bolshoi Theatre. To the man-in-the-street the return of the foreign tourist after a twenty-year break is probably the most tangible sign of a relaxation in international tension. It will be a long time before Russians think of foreign tourism as a trade and accept the fact that a good many foreigners visit their land solely for pleasure.

Even the Intourist organisation has adjusted itself to this situation. Those foreign tourists whose main object is to meet Russians of their own profession or interests, or who simply want to 'meet Russians', are now directed to the Committee for Cultural Relations or to the new Friendship Societies, one of whose avowed aims is to facilitate direct contacts between ordinary Russians and foreigners.

Meanwhile, the Soviet authorities have taken up seriously the question of dealing with the requirements of the conventional tourist. The publication of an illustrated *Short Guide* to Moscow by the Foreign Languages Publishing House fills a gap which British tourists have hitherto had to cope with by using the pre-revolutionary Baedeker. Provided with this and with the excellent Collins's *Russian Phrase Book*, the foreign tourist can set out on a day's private sight-seeing or photographing without fear of missing much of relevance to the Russian past or the Soviet present. Mr Kovalyov's painstaking description of the city is, moreover, sufficiently up to date to reflect the current official line on taste. Dealing with the skyscrapers erected during Stalin's old age, the author, while admitting that they add a 'touch of distinction to the city's architectonic', adds: '. . . but they are not popular, because considerable floor-space is wasted on them, and their maintenance is costly and cumbrous'. And of the 26-storey Leningradskaya Hotel he informs the tourist that 'the interior is overly sumptuous'. However, let me warn the tourist who contemplates making a record of recent architectural monstrosities that the large statue of a girl 'arms spread wide in happy, carefree welcome to the rising sun' which used to top the 'Armenia' provision shop in Pushkin Square was hastily removed when, during a recent rainstorm, it sprang a leak in a place difficult to repair without causing general hilarity to passers-by.

In contrast to the up-to-dateness of the Soviet publication, the Nagel guide suffers substantially from being a paraphrase of Rado's Guide Book to the Soviet Union published in Berlin in 1929. In its time the Rado guide was no doubt a good one. Since then, however, the two cities that are described with Baedeker thoroughness have been transformed by six five-year plans, by war and blockade, and by vast post-war housing programmes. The rewriter of the original text pays scant attention to these changes. True, he has succeeded in placing Stalin by Lenin's side in the Mausoleum, but, on the other hand, he has completely misplaced a building as important as that of the Supreme Soviet in the Kremlin and left in detailed descriptions of such major monuments as the Catherine Palace at Pushkin, the New Jerusalem Monastery at Istra and the Peterhof Palace outside Leningrad which were completely destroyed during the late war. One of the maps, printed in 1958, shows the Meyerhold Theatre, renamed over twenty years ago, and a main telephone exchange that was moved to another part of Moscow several years before the war. A tourist who set out on the basis of this expensive guide-book in search of places intriguingly listed as the Institute of Red Professors or the offices of Proletkult, or – perish the thought – were to follow the guide-book's instructions and order a ticket for Trotsk ('which took its present name in memory of Leo Trotski') might reasonably feel on his eventual return to his hotel that the publishers' note asking for the reader's indulgence was a little inadequate. This is the perfect mis-guide-book.

Mrs Taylor's popular guide, on the other hand, will lead no one astray. The author, who made a prolonged stay in Moscow two years ago and who has the advantage of having known the Soviet Union well before the war, has deliberately planned her book to meet the needs of tourists travelling on the principal routes open to foreigners. The only serious criticism I have to make of this book is that it does not include Central Asia, now open to tourists. But it may be warmly recommended to those whose travel allowances do not permit them to journey much farther than Moscow and Leningrad.

The sugar-beet king's mansion on the embankment of the river Moskva, which houses the British Embassy in Moscow, faces the Kremlin. For several months in 1941 Mr Elvin, then a young man mainly interested in long-distance bicycling, spent the night hours in the hall of this building reflecting on the beauty of the Kremlin, taking telephone calls from Stalin's office across the river and brewing tea with his cockney mate, Bill Hackett. The author's duties provided him with few opportunities for observing Russian life during the first five or six months

of the war, but the adventures of the irrepressible Hackett in search of attractive 'cobs' ('Great fat legs . . . just 'ow I likes 'em') may encourage some visitors to Moscow to try their luck in a field not covered by any of the guide-books under review, nor even in the otherwise exhaustive Collins's *Phrase Book*.

RALPH PARKER

Parkinson on Politics

The Evolution of Political Thought. By C. N. PARKINSON. *University of London Press.* 18*s.*

We are in the habit of discussing the relative advantages of crossing the Atlantic by plane or boat without the intervention of those who believe that flying is not in God's plan or that both forms of transport are undesirable because, heedless of Lord Acton, they give full executive authority to captains. If we could bring ourselves to apply such common-sense to political thought, that subject would not be in its present appalling state. Professor Parkinson (of 'Parkinson's Law') has applied some common-sense to political institutions, and his book will therefore shock the holders of virtually all political beliefs of practical importance in Europe and North America. For this we can forgive him much; even the numerous and profound weaknesses of his analysis.

The chief advantage of this book is that it disperses the cloud of complacency which has obscured the rest of the world from the small corner of time, place and literature to which political theory, as generally taught in Britain, has been confined. Tribal and Islamic political ideas, the Indian and Chinese contribution, the theory of Latin American dictatorship, are here as well as Hobbes and Spinoza (whom Professor Parkinson rightly regards as the precursors of a scientific approach to political theory) and the inevitable and second-rate Locke. It is salutary and necessary to be told that Buddhist electoral procedure was 'far in advance of anything evolved in Athens or Rome', or for that matter in Britain; that 'of recent years Gandhi is almost alone in having anything new or useful to say about democracy'; or that 'for progress in the science or art of politics we should perhaps look, first and foremost, to India; and eventually to China'. Its second advantage is a pleasant absence of humbug, except perhaps about the ruling-class oligarchies of eighteenth-century Britain, for whom academic conservatives and champions of free enterprise like Professor Parkinson tend to feel as sentimental as former beauty queens for their lost youth. (Still, unlike some other writers, he never confuses nostalgia with a political programme.) This volume is worth reading, if only because it omits any discussion of Green, Bosanquet and the Pluralists, and refuses to regard 'democratic socialism' and the modern Catholic Church as having anything much to contribute to political ideas: rare enough qualities in any book on political theory. Its third advantage is a resolute and un-British empiricism. Much as Professor Parkinson evidently dislikes modern Communism, he recognises that it has 'at least provided an answer to the practical problem of ruling China' and the USSR. He rightly points out that the main practical objection to dictatorship 'is not that it is inefficient or harsh, but that it cannot last more than a lifetime and that its termination may involve civil war'. It is, after all, useful to be reminded that the object of institutions is, among other things, to work.

To offset these advantages the book has several

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weaknesses: an inadequate theoretical model adapted from the ancient Greek cyclical ones, a tendency to be blown off intellectual course, a lot of Crichel-Down type political grumbling, and a good many slapdash, debatable and inaccurate statements, some of which are no doubt inevitable in a work of this scope. There will be plenty of time to criticise these. At present it is the reviewer's pleasure to welcome an author who, if perhaps less capable of revolutionising political theory than could be wished, will make every reader of his book think, even those who teach his subject. This is not an achievement to be dismissed lightly. But is Professor Parkinson's programme for the future – 'that we must learn from a score of specialists before we venture to attempt the solution of a single minor problem' – really *very* helpful to a society which must solve its political problems here and now?

E. J. HOBSBAWM

The Letters of Gorky and Andreev, 1899-1912 (translated by Lydia Weston) have been edited by Peter Yershov (Routledge, 25s.); and the *Letters of the Brownings to George Barrett*, by Paul Landis (University of Illinois Press, $ 6.50). There is a second edition, with a good many changes in the critical notes, of H. W. Garrod's edition of *Keats's Poetical Works* (Oxford, 70s.); and a revised edition of *Milton*, edited by Helen Darbishire, in the Oxford Standard Authors (16s.).

Other new editions include: Gregory Bateson's study of a New Guinea ritual, *Naven*, with one new chapter (Oxford: Stanford, California, 48s.); Thomas Woodrooffe's *River of Golden Sand* (Faber, 18s.). Longmans have reissued three of J. G. Cozzens's novels: *Guard of Honour* (18s.), *Men and Brethren* and *Ask Me Tomorrow* (12s. 6d. each).

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The Solemnity of Martyrs

Hendrik Terbrugghen. By BENEDICT NICOLSON. *Lund Humphries. 6gns.*

A picture by Terbrugghen is always an uncomfortable proposition. One can understand him being forgotten. He might have disappeared altogether but for the story that Rubens had praised him extravagantly – and that, it emerges, was put about by his son. It is not much wonder that there was no book on Terbrugghen before: the wonder is that there should be as splendid a book as this at all. Even at a time when the painting of Caravaggio and his followers is fashionable and acceptable, Terbrugghen remains a little difficult and remote.

The Caravaggesque label does not quite fit him: with him we are more than ever aware that the label is always a subtle misnomer. Only Caravaggio himself took painting direct from nature as his one terrific justification, and however much appearance of ruthlessness his followers affected, none of them ever dispatched a subject with Caravaggio's merciless, style-less and fatal stroke. None of them is at root much like Caravaggio, and Terbrugghen is singular among them. Where they are fluent, he is sombrely reflective. Even when he paints a single figure literally and directly, he broods upon it, pausing with a curious, un-Caravaggesque compunction. He is strangely engrossed, deterred, as if in two minds – until his musicians take on, as Mr Nicolson writes, 'all the solemnity of martyrs'. The effect is ultimately incongruous: one is inclined to find in these figures not (as does Mr Nicolson) a moral content so much as a moral illustration of the inability of painters, in the most unpromising circumstances, to be other than their mysterious selves. When Terbrugghen's subjects are complex, the Caravaggesque manner gives place to older ones (until he is overtaken by the baroque): the style and forms often have a Brescian look, and the confusions of space are not the monstrous, meaningful disjunctions with which Caravaggio defies us but the dullish administrative muddles of a lesser mannerist.

Terbrugghen has no doubt feet of clay placed unsteadily in several camps: if there were no more to him he would not be worth so grand a book. But there is more to him. In the hesitation and the compunction, even in the incongruity – the mute arrested look of personages all decked out for expressive business yet unable to express anything – there is a quality of discovery. The painter hesitates as if incredulous – as if he and his colleagues and their appalling models were translated into a world which only he can see is new and strange beyond belief.

In truth, they were translated. The defiant act with which Caravaggio put the old ideal dream of art to flight was the act of painting from nature. The weight which he placed on the act and the force which he gave it welded painting and its real visual material inseparably together for the first time. It set up, incidentally, the possibility of many more attitudes to the real look of nature than his own: it established a new order of visual equation between the matter of art and of the world, and the prospect of endless evocative accords between pigment and the common look of things – the values which we think of as painterly. Caravaggio is not 'painterly' in this sense. He does not (as Mr Nicolson describes Terbrugghen) pause 'over the evanescence of reflected lights', he is desperately set on scotching his subject immediately. Indeed, who does pause like this before Terbrugghen? The effect of Caravaggio's revolution is to liberate into the real world of actual visual impression – the natural, credible world we see – the grand constructive, comprehensive and symbolic purposes of art. How reasonable to hesitate on this threshold, before a step which was in fact to occupy great painters for three hundred years, a step which even now may not turn out to be in the fullest sense possible!

A man in a story by Wells is made to move so fast that nothing else seems to move at all. Only Terbrugghen appears to *see* at all: everyone else in his pictorial world is embarrassingly transfixed, unaware of the visual medium around them in which Terbrugghen's glance is moving incredulous. It is the genuine heroism of painting, to see for the first time, and Terbrugghen is not all hero. His art is split by the difficult issue: on every side vision presents him with the characteristic dilemmas of modern European painting. Local colour or tonal colour? Impression or description? Above all, what kind of order is there in the visual disorder of the world? The pictures betray everywhere the difficulty which such problems present. Terbrugghen is not quite a great painter: he is too much the victim of circumstances, just because his serious perceptiveness recognises what the circumstances are.

Benedict Nicolson feels the dilemma and division of Terbrugghen acutely. He presents them, diagnosed and documented, without simplification – at least until he takes as text for a peroration the celebrated (and, for all the light it can now shed on either party, over-celebrated) connection with Vermeer. Terbrugghen's own distinction is great enough. He discovers how forms – human forms – can materialise out of colour and tone, gather volume and displace light. He begins to collect the beauties which paint and light make together, from lustre and incrustation, reflection, transparency and refraction. He invents (no doubt on the Brescian model, of which we seldom hear enough) simple symmetries of design which establish the kind of prosaic and unpretending monumentality that is natural to the visual realism of modern Europe. He perceives at the end, with extraordinary brilliance, the spatial meaning of tone in this new style, in which the part that linear perspective played before is shared by another convention, and contrasts of tone are seen to diminish in exact proportion as they recede back into space. He is a good painter, and luckily he now has a good book.

LAWRENCE GOWING

The Example of Pelops

Sport and Society: a Symposium. Edited by ALEX NATAN. *Bowes & Bowes.* 21s.

Among the variety of subjects depicted in sculpture on the faces of the temples of ancient Olympia, the one given pride of place (in the east pediment of the Temple of Zeus) was the preparations for the chariot race between Pelops and Oenomaos, King of Pisa. All who passed by this noble group, near to the Stadium, knew that Pelops had won the race by bribing the King's charioteer.

It is the main failing of this cosmopolitan book of essays, in which the modern Olympic Games provide the dominant theme, that the authors refuse to take it for granted that sportsmanship, and purity of conduct and of motive, have tended to be the exception rather than the rule in sport. On the subject of fair play, some are idealists, some pessimists, but none, I think, realists. The idealists make statements of this kind:

Most important of all, the ethos of fair play inherent and implicit in sport could inspire on an international scale and among men of all nations a basis for accepting the increasingly complex development of international law.

They believe that fair play is the norm in sport, and emphasise any facts that disguise the lack of correspondence between the realities of modern sport and the myth of Sport the nineteenth century invented. For example, the writer of an essay called 'Yours is the Earth' (a German) labours the point that a number of competitors in the Olympic Games have sacrificed a prize they could have had, by owning up to an infringement of the rules, or by going out of their way to help an opponent. One does not underrate the motives behind these grand gestures of sportsmanship in pointing out that they do not go unrewarded, and that the honour they gain is if anything greater than the honour of gold medals and cups. (This of course does show how highly the public values fair play.) All the same, the fair play that really matters is the unobtrusive kind. Certainly modern sport is not without it, but it is surely counterbalanced by unobtrusive dirty play. Sportsmen behave as we behave in our daily lives: they do honourable things and they do dishonourable things. There is no reason why we should suddenly become pure and perfect while we are indulging in sports and games—or rather, there are reasons why we should and other equally strong reasons why we should not, indeed, why we should behave rather worse than normally. All the more so in contemporary international sport, when the material rewards for success are so inflated, for the so-called amateur as well as the professional. Because of this, sportsmen in the big time probably do conform less with the ideals of sportsmanship than they did in the nineteenth century (and yet—has modern cricket an abler gamesman than W. G.?), though no less than in ancient Greece, where again the rewards were high.

We are mostly resigned by now to the fact that economics, in one way or another, prevents play from being as fair as we think it used to be, or at least as we would like it to be. Yet we seem in the West to find it difficult to reconcile ourselves to the corruption of sport by politics. To be so much more squeamish about the bad effects of politics than about those of economics on sport is not only illogical but even rather sordid. Certainly, the chapter contributed to this book by its editor, which deals eloquently with this matter of the unhappy influence of politics on sport in recent times, makes depressing reading. Natan, himself, like most of his more intelligent contributors, is among the pessimists in regard to the question of sportsmanship. But while it is gratifying to see someone take the lid off modern international sport and give us a whiff in of its stinking hypocrisy, it must be asked whether the hypocrisy and corruption do not serve a useful social purpose.

Natan and certain other contributors lament, for example, the grip which chauvinism has nowadays on the Olympic Games. Now, it may be regrettable from the point of view of sport itself that the high ideals of the Baron de Coubertin are betrayed when the press and the public – not to mention the national administrators of sport – treat the Games as contests between nations and not between individuals, yet from a wider point of view this rivalry between nations may be beneficial in that it provides a means of sublimating rivalries which might otherwise seek expression in more far-reaching and dangerous forms. If international sport were more sporting, more like we think it ought to be, it might be less of a safety-valve. Perhaps the very corruptness of modern

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NELSON

sport gives it its social value. Perhaps, in the long run, the gloom of the pessimists is as irrelevant as the faith of the idealists.

Natan's own essay may be open to criticism, but it is informed and thoughtful and readable, and one wishes he had written the whole book himself rather than edited a symposium. Most of his contributors are given either to cant or to chattiness, and some don't even seem to know what they are talking about. One, for instance, contributes a piece on the British attitude to sport which includes the nowadays inevitable knowing remarks about U and non-U: he describes as non-U a game, soccer, that is played at Eton, Winchester and Charterhouse; again, he misses the primordial fact that the upper class is the class which prefers sports to games.

Many of the most interesting questions in the sociology of sport are nowhere touched on (there would have been room had there been less overlapping on other subjects)—for example, the position of horse-racing in England as the one and only topic of conversation that cuts through all class barriers; or, why horse-racing is socially respectable and greyhound-racing is not; or, to what extent the public at large gets aesthetic as well as partisan interest from watching sports and games, and how this varies from country to country.

In conclusion it must be said that the book does contain one contribution of value—a paper by Adrian Stokes reprinted, in a slightly abbreviated form, from a scientific journal. Apart from being on a far higher intellectual level than everything else in the book, it is the only piece which manages to convey the impression that its author has himself actually enjoyed taking part in games or sports.

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COLLINS

The Red Priest

Vivaldi: Genius of the Baroque. By MARC PINCHERLE. *Gollancz.* 21s.

Fifty years ago Vivaldi was barely known, even to musical historians, except as the composer of some concertos which Bach had deigned to transcribe for keyboard instruments. Yet today the publication of his complete works—the instrumental ones, at least—is well advanced, and more than a hundred of his concertos figure in the current gramophone catalogues, some of them as best-sellers. It was about time that a book on Vivaldi was published in English, and in default of a completely new one it was intelligent to choose M. Pincherle's *Vivaldi* for translation. This is the second of his two books on the composer. First published in 1955, it summed up for the general reader the results of his earlier examination of Vivaldi's instrumental music, and supplemented it with an account of his operas and church music, as well as of his life and times. The present translation is intelligent if not graceful; in one or two places the sense is distorted, as when (p. 76) *'plusieurs'* is translated as 'most', and on p. 98 the word 'rarely' has dropped out. The sub-title of the book was not a part of the French edition and is quite out of character with Pincherle's sane and factual approach to his subject.

Scholars often find difficulty in presenting their researches to non-specialists, but in this book Pincherle succeeds brilliantly. It is above all the misleading impression of uniformity that he manages to dispel. The charge that Vivaldi wrote not six hundred concertos but the same concerto six hundred times was made by the finest living Italian composer, but that doesn't make it any the less untrue. Pincherle's detailed and affectionate knowledge of the whole of Vivaldi's vast output enables him to refute Dallapiccola quite convincingly. Not only are the concertos diverse in form, but they give evidence of a continually inquiring mind, eager to seize on new instrumental effects. Vivaldi was one of the first to make orchestral use of the clarinet and the horn, yet he could also find a use—in a funeral concerto, significantly enough—for such obsolete instruments as the viols and the shawms.

It is true that some of his writing is slapdash, and true too that he displays none of Bach's capacity for concentrated development, and little of the refinement of his French contemporaries such as Couperin. In this respect he is limited by the simple historical fact that he was an Italian composer and that he lived from 1678 to 1741. Pincherle's book shows us just what this meant. There was an insatiable demand for new music of all kinds, above all in Venice, where Vivaldi was born and spent much of his life. His scores alone, with their scribbled semiquavers and their lapses into shorthand, indicate the speed at which he had to compose, and the inscription on his opera *Tito Manlio 'fatta in 5 giorni'* makes Bach's weekly cantatachore seem almost leisurely.

But what criteria can we use to distinguish good music from bad, when it is all written under such hectic conditions? We can hardly expect profundity, but where Vivaldi scores over almost all his contemporaries is in the extraordinary vitality and robustness of his imagination. Not only are his paragraphs longer-breathed, but time and again he transfigures the clichés of his period by some felicitous stroke of instrumentation. Vitality and robustness—what odd characteristics to find in an asthmatic little red-headed priest, whose health was so bad that he was granted a special dispensation not to say Mass. Yet he attained a higher standard than had ever been known from his famous orchestra of female foundlings at the Pietà; for thirty years or so his music was famous all over Europe, and he made and spent a fortune before being given his pauper's funeral in Vienna. If we love his music it must be above all for its sheer energy—the energy that more profound and more refined music often lacks.

JEREMY NOBLE

Airborne War

Arnhem. By MAJOR-GENERAL R. E. URQUHART. *Cassell.* 21s.

Daedalus Returned. By BARON VON DER HEYDTE. *Hutchinson.* 16s.

Crete and Arnhem are the two great names in the history of airborne warfare, and by an odd coincidence General Kurt Student was the victor of both. It was he who blocked Montgomery's northward drive from the Belgian-Dutch border for long enough to compel the remnants of Urquhart's force to withdraw from Arnhem. Yet how easily might the two operations have had different results, Crete in the massacre of Student's paratroops, Arnhem in the breaching of the Rhine defences. Most people now assume that Student's attack on Crete was brilliant in conception because it succeeded, and that Arnhem was a mistake because it failed. In fact, of the two plans, Arnhem was the sounder. Strategically it made more sense, and tactically it had a better chance of success. General Urquhart does not now doubt that his task was feasible, but he finds faults in the plan, and faults in the execution of it, all of which were foreseeable and therefore avoidable. But a comparison with the Cretan operation shows that the causes of a failure are often identical with the incidents of a success.

Urquhart says that his men should have been dropped nearer the bridge over the Lower Rhine; but the best part of one of his battalions was astride its northern end within a few hours of landing, while the Germans took six days to cover as many miles from their dropping zone to their main objective at Canea. Urquhart's Division could not be landed in a single group because of shortage of transport aircraft; nor, for the same reason, could Student's. Urquhart was not relieved by the Second Army because the Germans cut their line of advance behind them; but Student's sea-borne force, which was to follow up his paratroops, was totally destroyed by the British Navy. Urquhart was desperately short of food and ammunition; Student's soldiers starved for five days. Urquhart could make little headway through the houses of Arnhem; Student had to penetrate some of the most difficult mountains in Europe. The parallels could be multiplied. Perhaps the reason why the Cretan operation succeeded and the Arnhem operation failed, was that the British defenders in Crete had little armour and could not be reinforced, while the Germans at Arnhem included a large number of panzer troops, and their communications with Germany were almost unimpeded. While the Rhine was the last and strongest defence line on the borders of the Reich, Crete had no essential part in our strategy.

These strategic reasons are not those given by General Urquhart to account for his ill-success. He attributes it mainly to the lack of thrustfulness on the part of Horrocks's relieving force. 'I think

it is possible,' he writes, 'that for once Horrocks's enthusiasm was not transmitted adequately to those who served under him.' This opinion might be sustained in regard to the leading infantry of the 43rd Division when they debouched from the Nijmegen bridgehead, but until they reached that point the advance of XXX Corps over the eight bridges captured by the American airborne forces had been dashing and successful. Urquhart does not give them sufficient credit, nor does he analyse in any detail the reasons why their advance then slowed down. It was the pencil-thinness of the northward thrust, the congestion of traffic on the single main road, the presence of large numbers of Germans on both flanks of the advance, the diversion of essential supplies from Montgomery to Patton, and the uselessness of armour in country sliced up by canals, marshes and woods. He writes as if he were still in Arnhem, unable to understand why others did not understand his desperate plight. In this book he relives the disappointment of the nine most terrible days of his life. He has not since read, or at least nowhere quotes, any of the accounts of what was happening south of the Lower Rhine. He is still bewildered. Chester Wilmot, de Guingaud, Saunders, the divisional and regimental historians (particularly of the Guards Armoured Division), might never have told the story from the other side.

His own account of what he did and saw at Arnhem is clear and often moving. He throws no blame on his troops except by the familiar criticism that their stubbornness in defence was not matched in the initial stages by an aggressiveness which might have saved them their later ordeal. He leaves important questions unanswered. Why, for instance, did he not use his reserve battalions when they were needed more urgently in the town than to guard the dropping-zones for the second and third waves? Why did the aircraft not return for a second lift on the first day (as Student did in Crete), and why was the Polish airborne brigade not dropped south of Arnhem Bridge in the first wave? How can he explain the failure to inform London of the exact limits of his perimeter, when at least two wireless sets, one of which was the BBC's, were in constant touch with his home base? This failure meant that nearly all his supplies were dropped outside his lines. Why, finally, did he not use the unbroken civilian telephone system to speak directly to Browning at Nijmegen? These are all questions which the official war history must answer.

Daedalus Returns tells the Cretan story from the point of view of the German battalion commander who was dropped at zero hour near Canea and seven days later received the surrender of the town. There is even less discussion of the strategic problem than in Urquhart's book, and the tactics are sketchily described. Baron von der Heydte is more concerned with the personalities of the battalion, which included the far from heroic boxer Schmelling, and with the wastefulness of battles. Like most German writers of the war he regards even his triumphs with melancholy and sentimentality. So morose was his advance to Canea that one wonders how he ever found the energy to reach it. He hated war. A great phil-Hellene, he was desperately unhappy to find that the Cretans disliked the Germans. Like Urquhart's, this book is a contribution to the final history, but not a history in itself.

NIGEL NICOLSON

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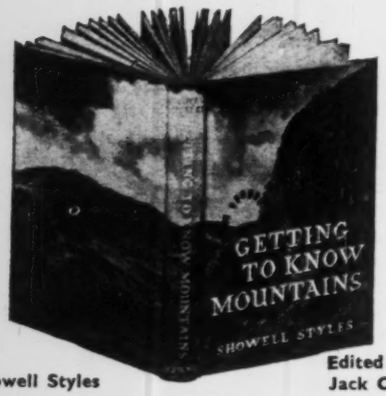

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Gissing's failure and his exile are the cause of his fame. We are driven back, as always with imperfect artists, to the entanglement of the person and his work. As Mr Walter Allen has pointedly said in *The English Novel* the fiction of Gissing is 'too personal, the powerful expression of a grudge'. No other English novelist until then had had a chip the size of Gissing's; self-pitying, spiritless, resentful, humourless, his lucid bleat drags down his characters and his words. There is a disturbing complacency in him as he stands at the sink and tells us that life is wretched and defeating and many an indignant reader must have felt that Gissing was myopic. Like the young Jasper Milvain in *New Grub Street* he seems to raise his chin and talk to the upper air when talking about himself. And then, like many men whose life is shut in by unbelievable domestic wretchedness, Gissing was self-centred and did not recognise that, if one is going in for this sort of thing, one had better open one's eyes and recognise that life is not merely dreary and miserable; it is savagely cruel and utterly appalling. Gissing wrote less of the horror he knew than of the apathy which it engendered. He writes as if he were a mere effect. To return to Mr Stonier:

> One need only lose oneself in London or in the similar streets of any large town, to experience the monotony of anguish uppermost in Gissing. He respects the low affront, not hurrying, in imagination, to overpaint it with bright colours; the life behind windows does not grow comic or enormous; distance lends no enchantment, and no music steals up the gutters to transform what is into what is not. He lacks the fairy or imp of entertainment; but as the bias of fiction-writing goes, that is not such a disadvantage. He cannot help seeing plain, being faithful, taking the bad tooth into account.

Gissing is very Russian in his overpowering sense of the stale and unoccupied hours we have to lug around with us and this is his peculiar importation into the English novel.

Today, Mr Walter Allen's suggestion of the grudge is more interesting. In some ways the grudge of several of our young novelists resembles Gissing's, as if Gissing were their perverse prophet and progenitor. There are hints of it in all his work and it is particularly strong in *New Grub Street*. The grudge is concerned with education and opportunity. It has two aspects. Why pass an Education Act, giving clever Board School boys the chance to become cultivated men when they will only find themselves in stultifying and unseemly surroundings and without the means to live in some accord with their minds; and why educate ordinary boys so that they can become the customers for everything that is vulgar and trivial in popular, commercial culture. When Gissing wrote *New Grub Street*, the new journalism with its obsession with things like 'What the Queen Eats' was showing its first signs. Now, it is easy to show that either the competitive instinct or the reforming spirit of social conscience – both of which Gissing lacked – were required of the clever Board School boy in return for his privilege. Gissing resented that only the rich could join the Past. For the unclever, Gissing had somehow got the idea (as Mr Walter Allen says) that the aim of education was merely to teach people to read books. He was the scornful scholarship winner. (He appears to make one exception in his dislike of the new journalism; in its higher forms of popularisation it educates women. One recognises here the man who suffered from the tongues of ignorant viragoes.)

The grudge of Gissing is the grudge of the outsider. He shows the psychological characteristics in his attitude to the prostitute and the servant girl he married. The violence in these vicious women is really matched, not by the passivity of his temperament, but by what one suspects to be the isolation and ruthlessness of his own mind. Morley Roberts, in his disguised biography of Gissing, now happily issued with a key†, believed that Gissing simply desired the whole sex and, in his self-imposed loneliness and incapable of love, thought anyone would do. One has the horrible suspicion that he felt punishment justified him and so set him free. But – to get on more certain ground – Gissing was an outsider in rejecting modern society altogether because it did not provide a place for the recalcitrant scholar and the pure artist who was poor. The theme of *New Grub Street* is the tragedy of the intellectual worker. The book is a full conspectus of the literary situation done with Gissing's grey exactitude and clarity. The vulgar comic view of writers as a collection of eccentrics is dropped; he catches their fundamental dignity, anxiety and egotism. It is bad enough to be an artist, with its appalling gift of self-knowledge, without being obliged to kill the love of your wife, slave till you are blind, and end ill, half-starved and counting the pennies, behind the tightly drawn curtains of lower middle-class respectability. The portrait of the wretched, gifted and only moderately saleable Reardon in this book is masterly, for Gissing is unremitting in observation. Without money a James or a Shaw would just as certainly go down to the smell of last night's dinner in the seedy backroom. Gissing's simple description of the writer's day as he sits at his desk is exact, touching and terrifying; one feels half-elated, half-sickened at the end of it. For, allowing for one deficiency in Reardon's character, the morbid lack of will, the portrait would serve for any novelist.

Those who have the grudge nowadays have, of course, no interest in Gissing's concept of the artist or in his belief in the culture he belongs to. All the same, the conditions of literary society have not changed much since Gissing's times. Journalism, with its short-term shots of success, its weekly injection, still offers its therapy to the writer who can stand the ulcers and suicidal depressions of creative writing no more. Inflation and high taxation have wiped out the rewards of the successful and have reduced the less successful to the role of commentators frantic for a new slant. Our society will reward highly any writer who agrees to compound on his gifts and abandon them. A creative writer must have time. In Gissing's day he had time but little money and, after the first successful start, the lack of money ate into the time. Still, the little money Gissing had was his and he lived in a low-cost society. In our high-cost society we have money, but a large portion of it goes back to the State and we may not invest in our talent. In consequence, we have no time.

Morley Roberts, who was an intimate of Gissing, thought that he shared with most English novelists the ability to create situation and the inability to develop it owing to the national *mauvaise honte* and dread of feeling. But Gissing excelled, as many have, in irony. Each character is solid in *New Grub Street* and if the dialogue is still and the action is slow, there is nothing wooden in the people. Their temperature is, indeed, low. In their varying ways, they are all afflicted, of course, with Gissing's chronic passivity; but in two instances, in the characters of Reardon's wife Amy, and the young, climbing, versatile journalist Jasper Milvain, he introduces us to two new and disturbing developments of the passive character. Milvain is not passive in his profession; he climbs boldly, cleverly, even engagingly; it is his conscience that is passive. He practises an ingenious technique of self-deception: *i.e.* he believes that if he is frank about his motives, if he tells the truth, this will clear him of moral obligations. He has the insincerity of the detached. Amy's passivity is feminine, and realistic. She has no will but she drifts with skill. Gissing is unusual among English male novelists in discerning the mental life of his women. Living in an ideal world himself he understood

* *New Grub Street*. By GEORGE GISSING. Introduction by G. W. STONIER. *Oxford*. 9s. 6d.

† *The Private Life of Henry Maitland*. By MORLEY ROBERTS. Edited by MORCHARD BISHOP. *Richards Press*. 21s.

their ideal world. It did not shock him that Amy should resent her husband's failure; and that her love would not stand up to it. It was natural to wish to marry a great man, but it was also natural that, under his influence, she would develop into a creature alien to him and with an intellect of her own. She marries the conscienceless Milvain with her eyes open and with a delicate lack of scruple. Easy enough to make fun of her as a female climber; Gissing sees the comedy but he is detached enough to see she has a right to drift with her self-esteem. She will become genteel. Poverty is over.

When we wince at Gissing's uncritical acceptance of the lower-middle-class dream of gentility and respectability, and at its emblem, the butterfly collar; when we shudder at the tepid, timid ideal world he obtained from classical scholarship, we ought also to point out that he saw people in two troubled phases; as they are and as they would wish to become. To him the individual dream was or could become a serious extension of their emotional range as characters. Indeed, it is out of the soured homes, where dreams have gone bad, or have become ludicrous or catastrophic, that the vitality of this class has sprung. To most English novelists, invigorated but narrowed by class consciousness, one class has always seemed comical to another; that is where Gissing is so un-English, a foreigner or an exile. He sees nothing comic in class. He writes as if it exists chiefly as a pathos or a frustration, a limitation of the human keyboard.

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The Return of Ansel Gibbs. By FREDERICK BUECHNER. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Bonfire. By NICOLETTE DEVAS. *Chatto & Windus.* 15*s.*

Don Juan. By JOSEF TOMAN. Translated by EDITH PARGETER. *Heinemann.* 18*s.*

Shadows of the Creative Writing course seem to hang about Miss Bianca Van Orden, who overwrites so horribly that the soul cries—'Stop! Stop! Ease up! You're quite good enough to write naturally, you've no need to force it'. Why should this good young American novelist strain as she does? Because she is really very gifted, and manages to make something magical out of a story of young arty Americans junketing, yearning, going to bed and being deprived of bed, in Florence. Cally, a somewhat lumping girl with real artistic talent, is almost dottily in love with a poet whose unfortunate name is Tosh. Tosh is still hankering after his Emily, who has married handsomely. Cally's brother (though he isn't really, and I don't know how Miss Van Orden dared to pull that one) is yearning for Tosh. Harold, a stuffed don who finds in himself at last the capacity to surprise, is in love with Cally, who has been marked down for him by the Marchesa, half-pander, half-duenna, to this litter of love-struck pups.

Somehow, Miss Van Orden has brought some echo of the younger Shakespearean love-tangles into her odd romantic novel. Is Tosh a cad? Not more so than Valentine. Is Harold unbearably stuffy? Not more so than poor old County Paris. They are all loved, all the characters; and the writer is so totally immersed in them that the wine-press of her own pleasure overspills into the imagination of the reader.

She has a good mind, critical and sharp; though at present she is obliquely claiming for her own novel a higher degree of seriousness than it can possibly have. Tosh is no proper mouthpiece for a writer with really important things to say: even if they are important in themselves, they lose their value when they come from him. Nobody would have listened even to Mercutio on the subject of what a piece of work is man. But putting the right words in the wrong mouth is by no means a fault uncommon to the young novelist, and is an easy one to get rid of.

Excellent writer though he is, Mr Rex Warner this time reminds me of nothing so much as a man who has carefully tied his bootlaces together and then attempted the long jump. What he has tried to do is to tell the story of Julius Caesar's early years through the eyes of Caesar himself. Now Caesar, though he gave me an insight into possible pleasure during such rudimentary classical education as I had, always struck me as being a 'white' writer, working smoothly and sparely and precisely upon a tablet of ivory, with never a scratch, never a jolt. He was not given, obviously, to sketching in the mechanics of living of his own day; nor did he put his mind to the subtle delineation of character. Mr Warner, writing admirable pastiche, is therefore hampered from the start. Caesar would never have put in a background—so *he* can't. Caesar never went in for close psychological analysis of, say, Cicero, Catiline, even Marius and Sulla: so Mr Warner has to restrain his own gifts in that direction within the limits of plausible imitation. The result is a beautifully written book, perfectly acceptable within its self-imposed limits, but lacking in the rub of life that Mr Peter Green, for instance, has been able to put into his work. Here is Caesar, all right, and wonderfully convincing he is; but in a world without a fleck of colour.

Worrying about the allusive, thought-rather-than-spoken dialogue of *The Return of Ansel Gibbs*, with its insistent undertones of universal truth and its undeniable touch of the toplofty, I wondered what it reminded me of. Miss Compton-Burnett? Certainly not. Of whom, then? Of the late Charles Morgan. This is one of those 'novels of ideas' with a tight practical plot, which troubles the mind because of its essential unreality. Such novels try to instruct us; and because they try in a peculiarly backstairs fashion, they set up a certain reader-resistance. Ansel Gibbs, the objective man, the man-on-the-fence, is recalled from retirement to a post in the President's cabinet. Earlier, he has been partially responsible for the suicide of a friend; whose son, Robin Tripp, is now a famous television interviewer and in love with Ansel's daughter. Tripp inveigles, traps or trips (the name has a symbolic edge) Ansel into a TV discussion with his enemy Senator Farwell, a loud-mouthed but shrewd reactionary who, before the cameras, appears to ruin Ansel's political chances for good and all. My own impression was of an interview so dog-gone allusive that the great American public would not have known what either man was talking about. However, accepting that it did, the outcome is interesting and skilfully worked out. But I do wish writers of the Novel of Ideas would not get it into their heads that all people speak in terms of Ideas all of the time. Charles Morgan, after all, pitched his work in so idiosyncratic a key that the reader knew exactly what measure of disbelief he was required to suspend: Mr Buechner's surface realism (sustained until the talk begins) is highly misleading.

Bonfire is a novel on a lighter level, about a horrid glamour-puss called Vera Montresina who tried to break up a nice marriage but is frustrated by the children, who take her for a witch and more or less magic her off the scene. I wish Mrs Devas's witch wasn't such a dreadful ass: it is impossible to believe that the husband was so easily taken in by so very embarrassing a girl. I seem to remember an infinitely sage remark of Miss Vivien Leigh's to the effect that the glamour girl was not the menace, and that what wives should watch out for was that little grey mouse in the corner. (I hope Miss Leigh said it: it is an enviable insight.) Mrs Devas writes amusingly, with a kind of restrained Mervyn Peake imagination, but the total effect is neither quite real enough nor quite whimsical enough to encourage much mental comment from the reader.

Don Juan ('The Life and Death of Don Miguel de Manara') is a translation from the Czech. Miss Pargeter's version reads with smooth solidity: yet this is one of those books which make you feel that, by not knowing the language of origin, you are missing stylistic overtones which are part of its essence, and without which there is nothing much left. It is a sober story of obsessive wrong-doing and equally obsessive redemption. It doesn't give much scope for the development of character: Don Miguel tears on his wild way till he meets, and loses by death, the only woman who satisfies him: he then switches over to the Church. There are passages of almost Biblical weightiness which give the effect that here is something good just beyond touch, and that it is no fault of the translator's that this is so.

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In the autumn of 1956 we went to war in face of a hostile world opinion and deeply divided about the justice of our cause. It is interesting to recollect that much the same thing had happened 57 years earlier. In autumn 1899 we also had to deal with a small community recently subject to our control, which seemed to be acquiring, under an ambitious leader, a degree of national self-assertion which threatened our traditional interests in the area. In 1899, as in 1956, the emergency showed how ill-equipped our forces were to act as an instrument of national policy. The planning of the war in South Africa was done in terms of an expedition against a primitive and ill-armed tribe; that of the Suez campaign in terms of the massive build-up and meticulous planning of World War II. The revelations of our military incompetence in 1899-1901 led to the sweeping reforms by which Lord Esher and Lord Haldane made our army the most efficient, for its size, in the world. It seems rash at this point to push the parallel any further.

Mr Holt's unassuming history of the origin and course of the Boer War is timely. Until now we have had only a lively but incomplete account by General Fuller, massive works by Mr Amery, General Maurice and the German General Staff, and a cloud of specious and inaccurate books on the level of the *Boy's Own Paper*. Here is a work which is clear, dispassionate, very readable, and perfectly fair to all the protagonists. The generals responsible for the early disasters – Buller, Methuen, Gatacre – are depicted not as blundering nincompoops but as courageous and popular leaders who had won distinction in earlier campaigns but were quite inexperienced in dealing with a civilised enemy armed with modern rifles and quick-firing long-range artillery. They were the first victims of the revolution in weapon-technology which had occurred since 1870, and it is doubtful whether any European commander would have done any better. No less justice is done to the Boers, whose courage and resource gained the admiration of the world but whose fatal lack of discipline made them crumble at the first sign of reverse. And Roberts and Kitchener, the victors, emerge not as heroes but as serious, practical men in the best tradition of Wellington, who saw that victory in such a campaign was at least as much a matter of supply, transport and organisation as it was of the conduct of armies in the field.

The Boer War indeed presented Britain with much the same problem as the War of Secession had presented to the United States. A largely industrialised people with a tiny regular army attempted to crush a nation of farmers who were riders and marksmen to a man and were able, fighting in their own territory, to inflict a series of shattering reverses on a clumsy invader who underestimated the defensive power of modern weapons. But the reverses were not shattering enough. The only hope for the Boers, as for the Confederacy, lay in winning such immediate and overwhelming victories that their adversaries, both deeply divided about the wisdom of fighting at all, would 'let the erring sisters go'. Failing that, their own poverty and lack of inner cohesion and the immense superiority of enemy resources made ultimate defeat certain. Victory went not to the best generals but to the best organisers – not to De Wet and Stonewall Jackson, but to Kitchener and U. S. Grant.

Even so, victory in the field was not enough to subdue a people in arms. The British had to adopt Sherman's methods of farm-burning and crop-devastation before the Boers could be brought finally to accept defeat. Later, it is true, we were to treat our enemies with a wisdom and restraint which contrasted pleasantly with the policy of the United States during the period of Reconstruction, but the wounds were deep and not easily to be healed. The situation in South Africa today belies the hopeful platitudes with which Mr Holt ends his otherwise intelligent book.

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Charles Seltman played as a boy among the ruins of Herculaneum and lived much of his grown-up life in Greece. His death in 1956 deprived us of our last learned British worshipper of Apollo and Aphrodite. Perhaps he owed to them the persuasiveness of his style. Sometimes of course the warmth of his feelings carried away the historian, as when he builds up a picture of free, athletic Greek women becoming enslaved to their husbands through the anti-feminism of St Paul. But in general we may surrender to his enthusiasm with confidence that he is talking inspired good sense.

This collection of essays is a fitting Hail and Farewell to his personality. Some of the pieces, such as *The Two Gods of Delphi* and *The Wine Trade in Ancient Greece* are elegant summaries of his other books; others are new portraits of extraordinary definition. Peisistratus with his sense of the dramatic entry and Pythagoras with his political flair in old age (and perhaps the fact that both of them initiated an admirable coinage) seem to bring out all Seltman's charm of friendly exposition. But it is typical of the man that he writes with unpatronising good-humour of Diogene whom he dislikes, and that he allows St Paul, whom he detests, to have written the best-but-one poem in the Bible. The most interesting essay contains material not otherwise available in English on the Swiss Carl Weber, who in the mid-eighteenth century proved himself the first modern archæologist by measuring and recording his discoveries in 'The Mine of Statues' beneath the volcanic mud of Herculaneum.

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In *Maigret and the Old Lady* the reader is advised to take what pleasure he can derive from the famous Simenon atmosphere, at the tail-end of the summer season at Etretat, for the smooth Maigret detective machine runs into engine trouble and splutters badly up a very mild criminal gradient. (The publisher does not help matters by dropping a spanner in the blurb.) The

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old lady's maid is poisoned by drinking her mistress's sleeping draught laced with arsenic on the night after a family reunion has congregated a nice batch of suspects. Instead of pitching into these relatives' private lives relentlessly Maigret starts downing Calvados in great gollops, until the second murder brings him to his senses. We handle such cases more expeditiously on this side of the Channel thanks to Mrs Christie's tutoring.

As early as page two of *The Bachelors of Broken Hill*, where we learn that the Great Scarsby, the world-famous magician, has broken gaol, we know we are in for trouble. Conjurors at large play old Harry with the poor reader's rational attempts at deduction. When three stout bachelors and a dog attached to another fat man are knocked off with cyanide under our very noses, our worst fears stand confirmed. Mr Upfield, Australia's Simenon, conjures up the sweltering heat and provincial manners of this mining town in New South Wales with his accustomed suavity; but his other conjuring tricks should lie heavy on his conscience for all their ingenuity.

Andrew Garve is affiliated to the carpenter class of writer referred to earlier, but commands a style that is commendably literate and unpretentious. In *The Galloway Case* a man has been convicted of a murder of which his daughter knows in her bones he must be innocent. As she is the heroine, bound for a happy ending, we and the hero are forced to agree and to join in a search for the real culprit – and it will be a slack NEW STATESMAN reader who does not get home first. That is the cunning part of the Garve formula: he surreptitiously lowers the fences for you, and lets you win, you and your superior smile!

An 'inimitable schoolmaster' Sherlock and an 'insufferably precocious schoolboy' Watson sound a daunting combination; but, if one is occasionally allowed to leave the quarter-deck and peer at what the fo'c's'le prefers, *Dead Man's Shoes* may not come amiss as the lightest of light reading. A plot that never ventures within the bounds of possibility, let alone of probability; a gamekeeper who impersonates Lady Chatterley's lover; a trip to Tangier and the Coast where the ladies live 'on gin and adultery'; a Peeping Tom of a clergyman; and some hocus-pocus on a boat that would shock even Carter Dickson's sense of propriety: it is useless to embark on such an extravaganza unless you can lap the stuff up without a qualm.

A Penknife in My Heart is the carefully worked-out plan of a 'perfect crime', wherein two strangers agree to swap murders, each eliminating the other's *bête noire*, in order to defeat the ends of justice. Needless to say, with a moralist like Nicholas Blake at the controls, the ingenious scheme must end in disaster. The author enters into the twittering anxieties of the feeble villain and the heartless brutality of the tough one with great skill and relish. But the delighted reader may suddenly be struck by a sense of *déjà vu* – and rightly so. Only after completing his book did Nicholas Blake discover that Miss Patricia Highsmith had already used the identical plot eight years ago in *Strangers on a Train*. It was a good plot then, and is a good one now, but talk of infra-sensory perception!

And here comes Miss Highsmith herself with another of her psychological close-ups of a murderer in action. In *Deep Water* a mild shrimp of a husband decides at long last that he has had enough. His slide into crime is gradual: it begins as a malicious joke. When one of his wife's admirers happens to meet with a sticky end he claims the credit, just to scare the rest of the wasps from the honey-pot. But when they come circling back he starts sinister business in earnest. Frivolous readers should steer clear of Miss Highsmith. When she puts a murderer's tortuous mind under the microscope there are no jokes; and her deadly seriousness can be positively alarming.

For escape from all emotional intellectual demands one might pick up *Captive*, a fast, up-to-date Western thriller of robbery, murder and kidnapping in the Navaho Indian territory. In place of the thundering hooves we are regaled with helicopters and walkie-talkie sets; but the bad men in the bad lands never budge from their fine tradition. Mr and Mrs Gordon plunge into their canyons with the requisite determination; and if any one imagines that the pretty schoolmistress will really be ravished or shot (the Indians are by nature expendable) they can't have been to the films lately.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

Week-end Competition

No. 1,476 **Set by Arthur Marshall**

Most humans have a clear idea of what would be their own personal Hell. Mine would be an endless sitting, dressed in jeans, on a contemporary chair, listening to unaccompanied choral singing and sustained by a diet of parsnips and goat's milk. Occasionally the singing would give place to a female station announcer declaiming *The Song of Hiawatha*. Competitors are invited to provide their own eternities of horror. Limit 50 words. Entries by 24 June.

Result of No. 1,473 **Set by J. B. Roderic**

While the self-congratulatory reminiscences of last-war combatants continue to pour from the press, there have been all too few personal chronicles from the home front. Competitors are invited to submit a key passage (limit, 150 words) for a book with some such title as: *Sweet Points!*; *Prosing and Pamphleteering*; *I Controlled Margarine*; *I Had Extra Petrol*; *I Was a Billeting Officer* (or *Food Snooper*, or *Army Caterer*); *I Didn't Get a Knighthood*.

Report

I was an Agricultural Committee-Man! I was a semi-Government Evacuee! Flour-Bags Clothed Me! The paths of duty of many a rough islander led not to glory, not even to an MBE, but to ridicule, misunderstanding and even bodily harm: 'I bear to this day the scars of the wounds inflicted by a tripe-knife in Todmorden' (*I Sold Snoek*—Russell Edwards). But heroism was not lacking.

> Can you imagine the ordeal of lying hidden behind a group of pig-bins for hours waiting for the suspect to arrive? Many of the brave men who served their country so well in FSB (Food Snoopers' Brigade) suffered this as many as ten or even more times at the height of the campaign of April 1943. (J. Timson.)

Mention in Despatches for James Fidgen's *Knitting Through the Blitz* ('as I laughingly said to Miss Raglan "Let them drop their bombs. It will not make me drop stitches". And they did, but I did not'); for Stanley J. Sharpless's *I Was*

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HOLLIS & CARTER

a Ministry of Food PRO ('It's that recipe for sponge pudding made with potato. We said decorate with lawn chippings to produce a dainty effect. That's wrong. They're poisonous.'); for Nancy Gunter's *I Kept the Lines Open* ('"Operation Eggcosy" as we playfully called our scheme to provide English railway engines with knitted boiler-covers thus saving precious fuel'); for D. R. Peddy's *Sweet Points* ('"To claim that Chocolate Limes are not Boiled Confectionery," I said icily, "is casuistry worthy of the Huns"'); and to Tom Naisby for *Sluices of Adversity: Memoirs of a War-time Effluent Controller*. Two guineas each to Hilary and Gloria Prince; a guinea each to A. W. Hill and Rhoda Tuck Pook.

from THE FULL & THE EMPTY

This was our moment—the culmination of the long hours of waiting behind the blackout, the evenings spent endlessly rehearsing our manœuvres till we could perform them instinctively. In the spare bedrooms the dummies were *in situ*: crouched in our appointed stations, we heard the nailed boots on the pavement outside, the harsh rap of the knocker. Calmly, Helen opened the door: as she did so, the stooping figures of the children flitted across the hall, ghostlike in the half-light. Climbing the stairs our visitors passed them again, erect now and differently dressed. I switched on the concealed gramophone record of bath noises; the kettle whistled in the kitchen; footsteps sounded from the loft and the lavatory flushed automatically. . . . After the briefest inspection our visitors confessed 'You're choc-a-bloc all right—can't unload any more on you, can we?' and went on their way, declining even a cup of tea.

HILARY

from SWEET POINTS!

'It's for the kids', we explained, and everybody was most sympathetic and helpful. 'After all, it's not their bloody war', one woman said, and we agreed, marking her as a likely customer. 'It's for the kids', we told the paper-manufacturer, and he supplied us with exactly what we wanted at once, I think he was only sorry we weren't in the note-making trade. We put him down. 'It's for the kids', we explained to the printer, who seemed at first inclined to jib. 'What have they done to deserve Hitler?' we asked indignantly, and though he sweated and kept looking at the door he finally agreed to come in with us. On the strict understanding that he was to have nothing to do with it, of course. 'It's for the kids', we explained when people noticed how much we were taking. They usually had kids of their own.

GLORIA PRINCE

As temporary director of the Sweet Points Forgery Detection Department at the Ministry of Food, I like to feel that I, no less than the heroes of El Alamein and of Arnhem, played my part. Ably supported by a loyal band of devoted assistants, I had my Dieppes amid the dingy back-streets of Soho, my Dunkirks among the gloomy warehouses of Wapping. Thanks to our relentless labours, many petty criminals, who might otherwise have escaped punishment, were brought to book. The British sense of fair play was satisfied: the morale of the nation as a whole was sustained. When the story of this epic struggle comes to be written, I hope, and believe, that the part played by the Ministry of Food's Sweet Points Forgery Detection Department will not be forgotten.

A. W. HILL

from ARMS AND THE PEN

. . but I achieved my finest hour while mobilising the English language, supplying a stylised terminology with evocative overtones.

Thus, in strategy, the 'pincers movement' recalled the handyman's toolchest, and 'bulge' anticipated the cult of vital statistics, kindling the imagination of the British fighting man. Psychological successes included 'points' (positive scoring rather than negative handicap), 'processed', with its scientific aura, and the simple Anglo-Saxon reassurance of 'Spam'. These I proudly acknowledge my own. My great grief was the official 'whalemeat' which, given imaginative

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nomenclature, could have triumphed, whereas—!

Consider the 'de-' group, -hydration, -contamination, etc., abstract polysyllable Latinities, contrasted with the chaste and gracious beauty of 'static water'. 'Firewatching', by its association with primeval forces, distracted countless minds from monotony and sordidness.

So, in service of my country and its tongue, I found my metier: this book has been just another joyous adventure in the traffic of language.

RHODA TUCK POOK

City Lights

Old Men Remember

De Gaulle, Macmillan, Eisenhower – just like old times, you'd say, if the General didn't keep insisting that it all happened only yesterday. Our Harold, whatever his feelings about it, is putting on an excellent performance as an old crock snuffling at the damp, sweet smell of wartime matiness. Interdependence is the latest thing, and even Mr Dulles seems to realise that it has something or other to do with the International Monetary Fund and the World Bank. Mr Diefenbaker seems ready to follow: the Commonwealth meeting in Montreal this September may well be subordinated completely to the Delhi meeting of the IMF and nobody seems terribly worried at the moment about the European free trade area. Everything, in fact, is being left to the Americans.

The gamble may come off. There are not many weeks to go before September, but the US – those who govern it, at least – has now got time to spare an occasional moment from its own recession for what is happening to other people. Wall Street is still tending to rise, money rates have fallen a little, and official spokesmen are making the old encouraging noises with a little more conviction. It is to be hoped they are right. The outlook is still uncertain enough to give point to Mr Krushchev's suggestion that he should help out by buying American goods.

* * *

The Stock Exchange has become a hive of political intrigue. On 20 June 12 members have to be elected to the 36-member Council: seven retiring members are offering themselves for re-election and there are 12 new candidates. These elections are usually quiet, dull affairs which result in quiet, dull chaps being appointed to the Council. This year, however, things are different. There is too little business about and too many people to handle it. No two members agree on what should be done but everyone is quite certain that something or other must be done very soon: policies for change are being put forward, and policies of any kind tend to provoke discord. Six of the 12 new candidates represent a single party (the City, following money market usage, prefers the word 'syndicate') and the other six proudly assert that they are independents. Meetings are being held, circulars and counter-circulars issued. Nothing stirs the emotions of a City man like a fall in business.

* * *

Lord Piercy, chairman of the Industrial and Commercial Finance Corporation, has a poor opinion of the credit squeeze. The function of the ICFC is to plug the Macmillan Gap – to supply capital to small firms which find it difficult to tap the resources of the ordinary capital market. The banks, however, from whom this capital eventually comes, are reluctant to lend with one hand what they are officially forbidden to lend with the other and the supply of fresh capital has 'substantially dried up' since the directive issued last autumn.

* * *

The squeeze, in fact, has had its sharpest effect on those firms which have no access to the new issue market – a market, as Lord Piercy points out, which has in any case been too occupied with large issues recently to be of much use to the small company. The experience of the ICFC suggests that the shortage of capital has coincided with a welling-up of enterprise among small firms; the Corporation, since 1951, has been forced to extend 'a much smaller volume of facilities than would have been appropriate to contemporary public policies'.

Lord Piercy, no doubt, will raise capital in the market as soon as conditions make it possible to do so and free the ICFC to some extent from dependence on the banks. But the problem of helping the small firm is becoming more rather than less difficult.

* * *

The export credit insurers have been meeting at Venice. Their discussions took place in private but it is an open secret that the good boys made a strong attack on the bad boys – particularly Germany and the US – who have been extending credit beyond the accepted five years' limit. The meeting appears to have ended harmoniously. 'A certain misunderstanding of the policy and practice of credit insurance', the agreed statement declares, 'has given rise to the incorrect impression that the unanimity of insurers has become impaired.' Not impressed? Misunderstandings, it seems, have been caused by differences of terminology. What everyone else calls medium-term, Germany calls long-term credit.

TAURUS

Company Meeting

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED

POPULARITY OF PUBLICATIONS

The 38th annual general meeting of Odhams Press Limited was held on 6 June in London.

Mr A. C. Duncan, FCA (the chairman), in the course of his speech, said:

Consolidated gross revenue amounted to £35,190,705, an increase of £826,805 over the previous year. Production costs and overhead charges, however, increased by £932,478.

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Our subsidiary company, Odhams (Watford) Ltd, which specialises in colour-gravure printing, has maintained the high standard of quality production which it set many years ago and has had another successful year. Practically all of the extensions to its building and plant, which were in progress last year, has now been completed and its productive capacity has accordingly been considerably increased.

The People has maintained its popularity and place among the great national Sunday newspapers, whilst *The Sporting Life* remains the recognised authority in the racing world.

The *Daily Herald* has developed a new editorial vitality and is attracting to its readership a thinking and responsible public, including increasing numbers of women and the younger generation.

Woman maintains its premier position, with the largest net sale in the world in its field. We have recently launched *Woman's Realm*, in a different price range, and all indications are that it will take its place as one of the leading periodicals of its kind. *John Bull* is still recognised as an outstanding magazine of good reading.

The sales of our newspapers and periodicals are still well maintained at approximately 22 million copies a week. The circulations, in terms of readership, are many times greater.

With regard to the current year, we are making every effort to increase the popularity of our products.

The report was adopted and the Ordinary dividend distribution of 17½% for the year was approved.

The Chess Board

No. 448. A Boy Called Misha

"Do let me play, Sir, please!"—"Can't be done, my boy. Haven't got a board to spare anyway. Everyone occupied, don't you see." "But I did bring my own board and men, Sir!"—The eager little chap manfully fought back his tears, and the kindly organiser smiled. "How old are you?"—"Fourteen, Sir."—"And how long have you been a chessplayer?"—"Two years, Sir."—"Very well, I suppose the world champion won't mind taking on one more victim."—That was the only game Capablanca lost in that simultaneous display at Leningrad, 1925.

(1) P-Q4, P-Q4; (2) P-QB4, P-K3; (3) Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; (4) B-Kt5, QKt-Q2; (5) P-K3, B-Kt5; (6) PxP, PxP; (7) Q-Kt3, P-B4; (8) P-P, Q-R4; (9) BxKt, KtxB; (10) O-O-O, O-O; (11) Kt-B3, B-K3; (12) Kt-Q4, QR-B1; (13) P-B6, BxKt; (14) QxB, QxP; (15) B-Q3, PxP; (16) K-B2, P-B4; (17) KtxB, Q-R5 ch; (18) P-Kt3, Q-R7 ch; (19) Q-Kt2, QxQ ch; (20) KxQ, PxKt; (21) P-B3, R-B2; (22) R-R1, P-B5; (23) PxP, PxP; (24) B-B2, R-Kt1 ch; (25) K-B1, Kt-Q4; (26) R-K1, P-B6; (27) R-R3, Kt-Kt5; (28) R-K2, R-Q1; (29) P-K4, R-B3; (30) R-K3, R-Q7.

Here the world champion resigned and shook the boy's hand. "What is your name?" he asked.—"Misha, Sir."—"Misha what?"—"Botvinnik, Sir."—"Well," said Capablanca, "I think we'll meet again."

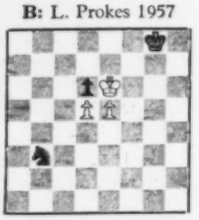
I found the score and the story of that game in an appreciation of our new (and old) champion, published by Salo Flohr in *Schach-Echo*. Among Botvinnik's many grandmasterly attributes the one most highly praised by Flohr is the champion's utter concentration on making the most of his adjournment analysis. Here is a case in point, Botvinnik's adjourned position against Euwe at Groningen, 1946. It seemed a certain win for Black, but even though Botvinnik had merely the lunch hour to brood over the position he discovered how to save it.

(41) K-K3 (the sealed move), K-K4; (42) R-B2!!, P-B6; (43) K-Q3, R-Q1 ch; (44) K-K3, R-Q5; (45) RxP, RxP ch; (46) K-B3, RxP; (47) R-B6, R-B5 ch; (48) K-K3, R-K5 ch; (49) K-B3, K-B4; (50) R-B6 ch, KxP; (51) RxP ch, and the draw was assured. The more obvious (43) . . . R-B2 would have led to a draw, too, and that indeed was the fruit of Botvinnik's lunch time analysis. (44) RxP, RxR ch; (45) KxR, KxP; (46) K-B4, K-B4; (47) K-Q4, K-Kt5; (48) K-K5, KxP; (49) K-B6, K-Kt5; (50) KxP, P-R5; (51) K-B6, P-R6; (52) P-Kt6, P-R7; (53) P-Kt7.

A: J. R. Capablanca

The 4-pointer for beginners shows Capa in his more customary role. How did White force the win? **B**—a win—should mean an easy 6 ladder-points for him who sees that what matters is to "waste" a tempo at the crucial moment. For **C** (7 points) an even more helpful hint: White will have to give up both his pieces so as to force the draw. Usual prizes. Entries by 23 June.

B: L. Prokes 1957



C: Bondarenko & Kakovin 1957

REPORT on No. 445. Set 24 May

A: (45) R-B7, K-Kt1; (46) Kt-Q6, K-R1; (47) Kt-B5! (Kt-B4?), K-Kt1; (48) Kt-R6 ch, K-R1; (49) Kt-Kt8 forces Black to capture the Kt, therby giving White another 50 moves.

B: White takes back Kt x Kt (d5), instead plays Q-Q4, forcing . . . B x B mate.

C: (1) Kt-B2; (2) Kt x RP; (3) Kt-Kt1; (4) B-K1; (5) Kt x P; (6) K-B1; (7) R-Kt3; (8) R-Kt2, P x R mate.

D: Bh8-a1-c3-e1-h4-d8-a5-b4-a3-c1-h6-f8-d6-b8-a7-g1-h2.

E: (1) P-Kt4 (threat: Kt-B7 mate), P x P e.p.; (2) P-B4 ch, P x P e.p.; (3) P-Q4, P x P e.p.; (4) P-K4 ch, P x P e.p.; (5) P-B4, P x P e.p.; (6) R-Kt5 mate.

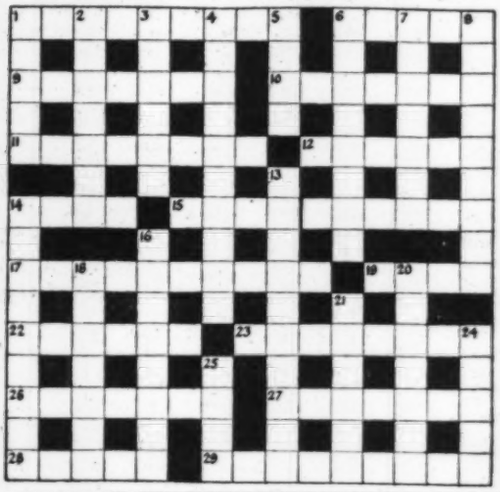
F: (1) K-Kt6, B-B5; (2) B-B7!, K-Kt5; (3) B x P!, K x B; (4) K-B5, B-Q3; (5) K-K6, B-B1, (6) K-B7, B-R3; (7) K-Kt6 etc.

A beano for the point-garnerers. Prizes: G. Abrahams, E. A. Barclay-Smith, J. R. Harman, R. Hayward, J. W. Lane.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword 307

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 307, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London, WC1, by first post on 24 June.



ACROSS

1. Caught by an animal at first, the bird is finally cautious (9).
6. Roles reversed for a barber (5).
9. A witch's spell can cause one's downfall (7).
10. The animal has to let its head fall forward in the satellite (7).
11. Industrious occupation which would be evil if a page were missing (8).
12. Potential bowler I take off in the afternoon (6).
14. 'The pale-eyed priest from the prophetic ——' (Milton) (4).
15. Don't eat your hat, Trueman (4, 6).
17. No people in the phone exchange make an appearance (10).
19. Seeds for the doubles? (4).
22. Got a reward as an imitator in colour (6).
23. Lots of stars form a team in unfavourable weather conditions (8).
26. Town the centre of which could be used for a victory celebration (7).
27. I turned curiously to butt in (7).
28. Backward district without a duck for the river (5).
29. The inexperienced pray for good shots (9).

DOWN

1. Early birds sound like he tiller's guardian (5).
2. It marks time but never halts (7).
3. An article between two circles advancing in the water (6).
4. They hang on for a long time after a very quiet finale (10).
5. Someone from the underworld takes a month coming up (4).
6. Novel resort in Sussex (8).
7. Coloured vote for a bird (7).
8. Finer soap may serve for clothes protectors (9).
13. Turning pale, I get nothing translated with an ancient language in it (10).
14. To dress richly have a good look round a fashion centre (9).
16. The ring expert has to study gold (8).
18. Though dodging, gave up without a row (7).
20. Mammon has a minced pie with the parson (7).
21. Go in late but eat a lot (6).
24. Perspires, but if you read it up you must insert an article (5).
25. Cut the food up (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 305

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 305

O. Scholes (St Mawes), Mrs E. Turner (London, N10), R. Game (London, NW3)

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61-63 Leinster Sq., W2. 'Phone BAY. 4886. Charming comfortable service rms, with board, reasonable.

BOARDING accommodation with social amenities for ladies & gentlemen under 35, from 52s. 6d. to 90s. partial board. Applic. forms & information: Belsize Residential Clubs, 13 Belsize Ave, NW3.

MAIDA Vale – opposite Station. Newly decorated and furnished s/c flat, 2 double bedrooms with handbasins. Large lounge, dining room, kitchen, bathroom, 2 w.c.'s. Long let only. £10 10s. p.w. Geo. Joslin, 127 Shirland Road, W9. CUN. 0251.

SW10. Furnished flat, entirely self-contained. Sitting-room, double bed-room, kitchen, bathroom, sep. w.c., tel. Five guineas p.w. Long let. Avail. from mid-June. Box 886.

SHARE woman artist's flat W14. Own lge gay divan room. Refs reqd. Box 1049.

LARGE twin-bedded room. Cooking rings. Heat, baths. 3 gns. Colour immaterial. Young people. PUTney 1035.

DIVAN-room and breakfast, share kit., one business man. Highgate. MOU. 3676.

BELSIZE Park. 2 girls require third share flat, own bedroom. 50s. Box 1131.

NR Baker St. Small 1-rm flatlet, no sep. kit. 67s. 6d. HAM. 8109 evg/w'end.

'MORE than a room – a home.' Newly furn. divan rms, TV lounge, etc. Langorf Hotel, 18 Frognal, NW3.

SINGLE divan-room nr. Highbury Fields & Underground Stn. £2 p.w. Box 1070.

A ROOM in flat, only £6 per mnth. Yng female seeks soundless & soundproof (!) child lover who will sit in. MOU. 9995.

CHARMING bed/sit, use kit., bath. Bus. lady. 3 gns. HAM. 3088 after 6 p.m.

GIRL, 25, seeks another to share flat Earl's Court. £2 15s. p.w. Own bed-sitting-room. Box 1091.

SCIENTIST (f. 25) seeks another f. to share Victoria flat fr. end June. Box 1142.

FURN. garden flat, 15 mins W/End (B'loo). £5 10s. GLA. 7041. Box 986.

ATTRACTIVE, recom. B/S always available Knightsbridge, Kensington, Chelsea dist. Any length lets. Sngls fr. 2½ gns. p.w. Dbls fr. 3½ gns. Hogarth Bureau, 15 Hogarth Place, opp. Earls Crt Tube. FRE. 5001.

S/C single furn. bed-sit. Own kit. & bathrm. Newly decorated. Suitable lady. £3 p.w. Phone Oliver CAN. 5094, office hours.

EALING Broadway, 20 mins West End. very comfortable flat with garage. Avail. 26 July to 6 Sept. 10 gns. wkly. Box 1029.

YNG lady offered charming furn. rm WC1. Use Kit., etc. £4 4s. incl. Box 1161.

S/C. furn. flat, lge b/s, kit., bathrm. Suit 2. Quiet house. LAD. 3031.

EXCHANGE: My big, cheap flat (3 rooms, kit., bath) for smaller, better area. Offers. Box 1027.

TO let 5 Aug.-10 Sept. whole or part of house with lge gdn nr East Putney Stn, fully furn. & eqppd. Sleeps up to 6 persons. Daily help if required. Box 1136.

FLAT, large rooms, superb view, top Notting Hill, share with man for £3½ p.w. PAR. 0379 after 9 p.m. Vacant 21 June.

B/S. room, everything new. Luxury. Reasonable. 'Phone SWI. 4164.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT—continued

WIMBLEDON. Modern house to let furnished 3 or 4 weeks August. Sleep 6, garden. WIM. 6108 or Box 1056.

HENLEY-on-Thames; bare bedsitter in disorganised period house overlooking market place, use kitchen, bath, suit writer, student, week-ender. Box 1085.

NW6. S/c. gr.-flr flat nr John Barnes, attrac. fur. dble bedr., lounge, k., b., h. & c., frig. Use gdn. 6½ gns. MAI. 5765.

CHEERFUL sgle/dble rooms, ckg facs. Perm. or temp 'Phone Kingston, KIN. 2456 wkdays or HAM. 4585/SWI. 2684 Sun.

GREENWICH: 3 rm furn. cottage, sml gdn. £3 p.w. £100 rent in adv. TID. 5608.

BACHELOR (29) has large b/s use of kit/bath in W9 flat. 50s. CUN. 6478 after 11 a.m. Sunday.

WILL someone baby-sit in return for attract. bed-sitter. Reas. rent. GLA. 5638.

KENSINGTON. Sunny b/s. modern block, c.h., c.h.w., own basin, use k. WES. 2267.

TO let, furn., in newly decorated house, 2 min. Golders Green Stn, 1 single bed-sit. room, 1 double bed-sit. room (could be arranged with kitchenette). Gas rings, fires (meter). Refs essen. Ring (not Sats) SPE. 9488

BACHELOR (32) wishes to share 2-room Hampstead flat or let room. PRI. 6365.

LARGE Bedroom with basin & c.h.w. Also breakfast room, use of kitchen & other amenities in luxury home close Surbiton Stn. (15 mins Waterloo). 3½ gns. incl. Two sharing 2½ gns each. Taylor, Reedy River, River Avenue, Thames Ditton. Emberbrook 2317.

CORNWALL. Bungalow to let furnished, sleep 5 persons. £5 p.w. Close sea. Vacancies June-July. Box 1098.

CORNWALL. Mousehole. Pretty furn. cottage; mod. cons; sleep 5-6. For periods 28 June-26 Jly. Barnes, Steepways, Mousehole.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

YOUNG couple (prof.) require flat, preferably completely s/c in Finchley. J. G., 97 Etchingham Park Rd, N3.

YOUNG couple with child 1 yr require unfurn. accom. any area London. Bentley, 41 Sylvester Gdns, Ilford, Essex. HAI. 5649.

HARVARD Professor and wife seek small self-contained flat Central London. 3/4 months from Sept. Box 1093.

LECTURER, wife, child req. unfurn. accom., London or Surrey. Box 1016.

CANADIAN Grad. stud. & wife req. sml f. London flat from 1 Oct. £5-£6. Kerpoeck, Apt 407, 27 Walmer Rd, Toronto.

BUSINESSES FOR SALE

WANT an interesting life? Never a dull moment. Home and income. Small flourishing freehold guest house and café for sale in Peak National Park beauty spot. Going concern. 350-year-old oak-beamed lounge, owners' sitting room, 7 bedrooms, 2 bath., lge fully equipped kit., serveries, larder, etc. Café seats 40. Excellent structural and decorative condition. Garden, paddock and sound outhouse. Also soundly-built two-storey cottage adjacent. Endless possibilities – cottage art gallery, additional dining room, flat or shop (plans passed). Lower floor – garages, stabling? Considerable good will. Inclusive price. Offers over £4,000. Box 880

PROPERTIES FOR SALE

HIGHGATE (Nr). Fhld. hse., converted, rural posn. Garden. Nr shops, tube. £3,200 o.n.o. Box 1052.

WEST Finchley, N3. Freehold house to be sold, modern, semi-det., 5 rooms & room for garage. Few minutes tube and Golf Course. Write G. C., 34 Manor Road, Caddington, Beds.

FOR Sale, Essex; compact architect-designed contemporary house, 4 bedrooms, large living room, central heating. Small garden backs on to Epping Forest but only 12 minutes from Loughton Station (Central Line). £5,000. 'Phone LOUghton 3004.

TUNBRIDGE Wells. Enjoy the style and amenities of the wealthy at 'semi-detached' prices! Resident gardener, charming grounds, swimming pool, countrylike surroundings, lovely views, all close to the famous Pantiles. London trains 50 minutes. Spacious garden flat, own lawn and terrace. 4 rooms kitchen and bathroom. First floor, 5 rooms kitchen and bathroom: (Last two of seven units). Garages, mortgages and more land available: £2,950 freehold. Box 1173.

6-RMD. mdn Bungalow. All mns. Tel. ¼ acre, 3 heated glasshouses. View Mounts Bay, Cornwall. Excel. con. Dets. Box 984.

LITTLEBOURNE, nr Canterbury, on bus route. S/d bungalow. 1 recep., 2 b., k. & b. Excellent condition, parquet floors, all mains. Garage, greenhse, ¼ acre rose gdn. Freehold £2,500. Box 1009.

PRIMITIVE cottage, 2 wild acres, Tara Hill, Wexford, Ireland, £300 or nearest. Smyth, Saintbury, Killiney.

W. SUSSEX. Plot of land ¼ acre for sale to private purchaser. Heather, woodland. £550. Box 1053.

PROPERTIES WANTED

EXPANDING West End Secretarial School wishes rent or buy house Hampstead, Marylebone, Kensington or Richmond. Must be easily accessible by bus/tube. Box 657.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

STRIKE Strategy and how to avoid divisions amongst trade unionists, is the theme of R. Palme Dutt's Notes in Labour Monthly. Also 'Unemployment Warning' by Sir Richard Coppock; 'Strijdom's "Triumph"', by Solly Sachs; 'Scientists Against Nuclear Arms', by Dr E. H. S. Burhop. Post free 1s. 8d., or 9s. half-yearly, from NS, 134 Ballards Lane London, N3.

'THE Humanist' is the journal of Scientific Humanism (monthly, 1s., p.a. 14s.). Spec. copy, 'Living with Reality', and Bertrand Russell's 'Faith of a Rationalist', free. RPA, 40 Drury Lane, WC2.

EISENSTEIN on Mayakovsky; unpublished notes. Also History of Moscow Art Theatre; Soviet Novels of 1957; Thoughts on Jazz, etc., etc. Anglo-Soviet Journal, Vol. XIX, No. 2, Summer 1958. 2s. 6d. (post free 2s. 10d.) from SCR, 14 Kensington Sq., London, W8, or bookshops.

PURSUED by a Bear.

'THE Week', the brilliant survey in The Observer every Sunday, that gives you a clear perspective on a whole week's news in 15 minutes' easy reading. Let The Observer put the world in your hands on Sunday.

UNITARIANISM. What is it? Write Mrs Dickin, 19a, Hermitage St, Crewkerne, Somerset.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

'HUMANITY versus the Hydrogen Bomb' by Stan Birkett, the best Socialist pamphlet on nuclear weapons, now available in Second Edition with new Preface by author. 4d. (2d.) Post-paid rates for quantities: 12 for 3s. 4d.; 25 for 6s. 6d.; 50 for 12s. From Independent Labour Party, 6 Endsleigh Street, London, WC1.

CONTENTS of June 'Plebs': 'What Next in Union Education', by J. P. M. Millar; 'Collective Bargaining in Britain', by Victor Feather; 'Karl Kautsky – Socialist Pioneer', by A. L. Williams; 'Batons out on the Clyde', by Arthur Woodburn, MP; 'Labour and Superannuation', by Robin Michael; 'The Retreating Brooke', by S. J. Bidwell; 'The WEA and Manual Workers', 'This Wicked World' by J. P. M. Millar; 'Pars from the Press', 'New Books'; 'The Cockpit'; 'NCLC News', 'Plebs', 6d., by post 8d., or 7s. 6d. a year, from the NCLC, Tillicoultry, Scotland.

ALGERIA/France: the 'inside' story: 'France Observateur'; year, £2 12s., half-year, £1 8s. Cheques: 'Andrew Roth', 34 Somali Rd, NW2.

HAVE you met 'The Pleasant Stranger' in your bookshop? A novel by Robert MacCuish as unusual as it is beautiful portraying the fire, the beauty, the tragedy of adolescent love; decorated with imaginative drawings by author utilising a ten colour scheme; from all good booksellers at 15s. Published by MacLellan.

27 JUNE, Salvador de Madariaga's brilliant, controversial study of direct universal suffrage. 'Democracy versus Liberty?' 10s. 6d. Order now. Pall Mall Press.

USSR Today. Keep up to date; read 'Soviet Weekly', lavishly illustrated, price 3d. Subscriptions: 3s. 3d. quarterly, from Dept N, 3 Rosary Gardens, London, SW7.

'NATURE' Cure from the Inside' 8s. From Sec., Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

HAVE you ever been the victim of gossip? Read Wentworth BA in 'Punch' this week.

MAN'S World now contains a 32-page Male Art Photography Supplement. 1s. 6d. monthly from all newsagents.

BOOKS bought and sold, offers made for any quantity English, German, French. Waterhouse, 2 Station Arcade, Swiss Cottage, London, NW6. PRImrose 2585.

BOOKS bought. Left emphasis. Van calls. Hammersmith Bookshop. W6. RIV. 6807.

MOUNTAINEERING: Books, prints, maps. Secondhand. Send for lists. Chyngton Books, Seaford, Sussex. Sell your unwanted Mountain books to us.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms. Libris, 58a Boundary Rd, NW8. MAI 3030.

GERMAN Book Club. A first-class German novel a month for a third of the published price. Prospectus from Bailey Bros, Hyde House, West Central St, WC1.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner AMB. 1564 or write Box 8155.

FOOD AND DRINK

IF a black cat crosses your path that means good luck. If a glass of El Cid Amontillado comes your way that is even better luck. Don't let it get away!

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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N.S., Great Turnstile, London, WC1 Telephone HOLborn 8471

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

FIELD ENGINEER—SOMALILAND PROTECTORATE

Duties:— Design and construction of the various irrigation projects under construction and contemplated.

Appointment on contract for two tours of 15-21 months. Gross emoluments in incremental scale £1,194 to £1,863 p.a. Substantial gratuity on satisfactory completion of contract.

Free passages: quarters provided, generous home leave: no income tax. £60 outfit allowance. Children's education allowances.

Starting salary will be determined by experience in excess of the minimum mentioned below and National Service in the Forces.

Candidates should have either:

(a) A University degree in civil engineering recognised by the Institution of Civil Engineers and two years subsequent experience or

(b) Passed Parts I and II Finals of the Institution of Civil Engineers or obtained a recognised diploma and had not less than five years experience preferably in design and construction of irrigation works generally and in preparation of estimates.

Apply Director of Recruitment, Colonial Office, London, SW1. Give brief details of age, qualifications and experience. Quote BCD 63/5/010/D45.

WEST RIDING COUNTY COUNCIL
ADULT COLLEGE
GRANTLEY HALL, NR. RIPON

Applications are invited from suitably qualified men and women for the post of Deputy Warden at the Authority's residential Adult College at Grantley Hall, near Ripon. The College holds courses on a wide variety of subjects and the Deputy Warden will act for the Warden as required, will be required to lecture, lead discussion groups and play a prominent part in the activities of the College. He/she should be well qualified academically and have a keen interest in adult education. Salary in accordance with the Burnham scale plus full board and most attractive furnished rooms in the College.

Further information and forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Wakefield. Completed forms should be returned within 2 weeks of this advertisement.

POWICK HOSPITAL, NEAR WORCESTER

SOCIAL WORKER required. The hospital has 1,000 beds and seven outpatient clinics, also an out-patient social club and hostel for rehabilitation of younger patients.

The Department consists of one P.S.W., one Social Worker and one Trainee P.S.W. The post offers excellent opportunities for anyone wishing to gain experience in this field before taking the mental health course. University qualifications required. Salary Scale £495 (linked to age 27)-£755.

Applications to the Medical Superintendent.

Married couple or single man required at LANGLEY HOUSE RECEPTION HOME, East India Dock Road, E14. Duties include observation and assessment of children.

Housefather will be deputy to Warden in charge. Salary £505 to £577 10s.

Housemother £437 10s. to £512 10s.,

each plus £18 10s. for Home Office Certificate, less charge for board, etc.

Apply Children's Officer (CH/NEDO/942), LCC, County Hall, SE1.

RESIDENT Warden needed for Community Association with 1000 members in East London. Prefer single man. Commence August 1958. Salary according to experience and qualifications. Applications to The Head, Oxford House, Mape Street, E2.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COLDEAST & TATCHBURY MOUNT
Hospital Management Committee

CLINICAL PSYCHOLOGIST (Male or Female), non-resident, required for duties in the Hospitals of this Mental Deficiency Hospital Group.

Candidates should hold an honours degree in psychology, normally have attained the age of 25 years, and complied with the Whitley Council conditions regarding post-graduate service.

Salary range (if 25 years or over) £735 rising to £1,025 p.a., the commencing point according to age and experience.

Written applications, with names of two referees, to Group Secretary, Loperwood Manor, Totton, Southampton.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Elam School of Fine Arts. The University Council invites applications for the position of Lecturer in the History and Theory of the Fine Arts. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising to £1,275 by three annual increments An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 31 July, 1958.

UNIVERSITY of Auckland, New Zealand. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in History. The salary scale for the position is £1,025 per annum, rising to £1,275, by three annual increments. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, WC1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in New Zealand and London, is 31 July, 1958.

THE University of Manchester. As the result of a grant from the Nuffield Foundation the Department of Social Anthropology and Sociology plans to carry out a study of a Lancashire town, and applications are invited for the following posts: (a) A Research Assistant Grade II, initial salary within the range £700-£850 per annum, the appointment to be for one year from 1 October 1958, renewable for a further two years. Applicants should have a degree in Sociology or Social Anthropology and should have some training in statistics. The successful candidate will be required to study the social composition of the town from published and unpublished sources. (b) A Senior Research Worker, initial salary within the range £800-£1,000 per annum, the appointment to be for two years from 1 October 1958 or 1 October 1959. Applicants should have training in Sociology or Social Anthropology and field experience in one of these subjects. The successful candidate will be required to carry out a study of a section of the working-class population of the Town. Both appointments carry membership of the Children's Allowance Scheme. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from Registrar, the University, Manchester 13, to whom applications should be returned by not later than 23 June 1958.

THE University of Leeds. Department of Economics and Commerce. Applications are invited for appointment as temporary Lecturer or Assistant Lecturer in Economics for the session 1958-59. Salary within range £900-£1,650 for a Lecturer or £700-£850 for an Assistant Lecturer. Candidates with predominant interests in any of the main branches of economics or economic statistics will be considered. Duties will consist of tutorial teaching of largely, though not entirely, first-year students in small groups. Applications (three copies) stating date of birth, qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should reach the Registrar, The University, Leeds, 2 (from whom further particulars may be obtained) not later than 20 June, 1958.

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for a temporary Tutorship in French for tutorial work with freshmen. Salary between £575 and £625 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Applications (four copies) should be sent by 21 June 1958, to the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, from whom further particulars obtainable.

ADMINISTRATIVE Assistant for Christian organisation. Good knowledge accounts and able to take responsibility. Salary in accordance with experience. Write Sec., Asia Christian Colleges Association, Annadale, North End Road, Golders Green, NW11.

INTELLIGENT, methodical organiser, secretary, small Kensington office. Enterprise, imagination, knowledge science, health, education, publicity, business, well rewarded. Degree, shorthand, inessential. Stocker, 73 Harcourt Terrace, SW10. FREmantle 0841.

TRADE Union General Secretary requires an Assistant. For application form, outline of scope, responsibilities and conditions of employment apply to General Secretary, Association of Cinematograph Television and Allied Technicians, 2 Soho Square, W1.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

BBC requires Science Producer/Programme Assistant in School Broadcasting Department. Science degree essential, experience of teaching desirable. Preference given to candidates of wide general culture. Salary £1,105 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by seven annual increments to £1,550 p.a. maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference G.676 N. Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W1, within five days.

EDITORIAL Superintendent required for the North Regional Literature Agency of the Government of Northern Nigeria on contract for two tours in the first instance. Salary according to experience in scale (including Inducement Addition) £840 rising to £1,824 a year. Gratuity at rate £100/£150 a year. Clothing allowance £45. Free passages for officer and wife. Assistance towards cost of children's passages and grant up to £288 annually. Liberal leave on full salary after each tour of 12/24 months. Candidates must have experience in teaching English and preferably experience as an author and in publishing. Overseas experience is desirable. Write to the Crown Agents, 4, Millbank, London, SW1. State age, name in block letters, full quals and exp. and quote M3B/44733/NJ.

AMENDED Advertisement. City of Oxford Deputy Children's Officer required, preferably graduate, holding the Social Science or Home Office Child Care qualification. Experience of all duties of a local authority Children's Department essential. Duties include taking charge in the Children's Officer's occasional absence, supervision of casework, training of students and special responsibility for work with difficult families. Car necessary. Salary, APT III, £845-£1,025. Permanent pensionable post; medical examination. Apply, giving age, qualifications, experience, names of three referees, by 18 June, 1958, to the Children's Officer, 10, Worcester Street, Oxford, from whom further particulars can be obtained. Harry Plowman, Town Clerk.

THE Pestalozzi Children's Village Trust invites applications for the post of Warden of the International Children's Village which is being established near Battle, Sussex. Ideally, candidates should have had varied and residential experience as a schoolmaster with children over ten years of age and adolescents, knowledge of modern educational methods, first-hand experience of other countries, and a strong interest in the furtherance of international understanding. Salary £1,250 p.a. with free board residence. It is expected that the appointment will date from Easter 1959. Closing date 30 June. For full particulars apply, in writing only, sending a stamped add. foolscap envelope, to Hon. Secretary, PCVT, Battle, Sussex.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). One Research Assistant and one Junior Research Officer are required to work on a national study of housing and rents, and a local study of these probems in the London area. Applicants should have good degrees preferably in Sociology, Public or Social Administration, or Economics, and if possible research experience in these fields. Salary scales £450 × £25 – £675 and £650 × £50 – £900 plus £60 London Allowance respectively. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary to the Social Research Division, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, WC2, to whom applications should be sent by 30 June 1958. All envelopes should be marked 'Housing Study'.

DEPUTY Superintendent for Nursery at Heathfield, Sussex. This Nursery for 54 children under 5 years – including 9 bottle babies – pleasantly situated in the heart of Sussex, needs a Deputy Superintendent who is experienced in residential nursery or similar work. The position calls for a woman of resource and initiative with a sound knowledge of modern child care methods and domestic management. The possession of a nursing and/or institutional management qualification will be an advantage. Salary: £535-£607 10s. according to qualifications, less £128 8s. for board, etc. 6 weeks annual leave. Pensionable position. Good prospects of promotion. Application form and further details from: Children's Officer (SEDO/1009), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, SE1. Closing date 23 June 1958.

DEPUTY to the Matron. At a large grouped-cottage home at Sidcup, Kent for 340 children between 5 and 15. This position calls for a capable and energetic woman – preferably trained in institutional management and having some knowledge of modern methods of child care – to assist the Matron in oversight of the general domestic and housekeeping arrangements of the home, including catering. Good prospects of promotion. The home is placed in an attractive estate only 30 minutes by train from Central London. Pleasant self-contained flat provided. Salary (subject to review) £535 – £607 10s. less £128 8s. p.a. for board, etc. Closing date 21 June, 1958. Further details: Children's Officer (SEDO/953), County Hall, SE1.

CLUB leaders, man and woman required for mixed youth club with junior section in West London. Attractive premises. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Superannuation scheme. Apply with full details of experience to the Organising Secretary, Feathers Clubs Association, 29 Mulready Street, London, NW8.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

PARK House School, Peper Harow, Near Godalming, Surrey. Applications are invited for the post of Psychiatric Social Worker or Social Case Worker at this Home Office Approved School for 82 boys age range 15 to 18 years. The post is non-resident and is open to suitably qualified men or women. Salary scale according to quals and exper. Further particulars from Headmaster.

ASSISTANT Matron required for Home for 25 old people, men and women. Some nursing experience. Apply Secretary, 7 Harley Road, Hampstead.

THE London Family Welfare Association have a vacancy for a senior caseworker who must hold a degree or diploma in Social Studies of a recognised University, and has had recent experience in family casework. Initial appointment to Area 7. Salary from £590 p.a. according to experience. Apply in writing to the Organising Secretary, FWA, 296 Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1.

ASSISTANT Secretary, Women Public Health Officers' Association. Applications for this appointment are invited from University graduates or others holding suitable qualifications; experience of committee work, public speaking and administration desirable. Salary £575 × £25 – £700. Apply sending full particulars to General Secretary, Women Public Health Officers' Association, 36 Eccleston Square, SW1.

SECRETARY (woman) required by editor of weekly technical journal. Good standard education essential (University graduate preferred). Typing and shorthand required, and duties will include proof reading and preparing manuscripts for press. Salary from £550. Office EC1. Apply, with details of qualifics, to Box 229, Charles Sell advertising Ltd., 67 Clerkenwell Rd, London, EC1.

SECRETARY 22/25 for Travel Agcy, W1. Sal. £10. L.vs. & travel benefits. Portman Bureau, 78 George St, W1. HUN. 0676.

TEMPORARY Vacancies now! S/T's up to £11. C/T's up to £9. Don't delay, call MET. 8533.

THE Vocational Guidance Association, 37a Devonshire St, London, W1. WEL. 8017.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

PUBLISHING-Designer & typographer MSIA, long experience book design and production, thorough knowledge printing, would act as consultant to publishers or high-class printers or design and organise production for a newly forming publishing company. Part-time only. Box 959.

EDITOR of successful trade journal, 35, Oxford graduate, seeks post outside London. Wide editorial experience. Box 1008.

ACTIVE widow (50s) reqs work cent. or SE London. Clerical & organising exper. Can type, drive, speak French Box 1010.

CAN'T spell for nuts! Ambitious but disillusioned, age 30, at present dispatch manager, wide range of business experience seeks administrative position where initiative and imagination reqd. London area. Box 1007.

NATURALISED German (50) formerly University lecturer seeks activity, preferably teaching. Box 1002.

YOUNG lady Textile Designer requires post also interested TV, window display, wallpaper design. NDD results pending. Commence August. Box 1096.

STELLA Fisher Bureau invites inquiries from employers requiring administrative or secretarial staff of either sex. 436 Strand, WC2. TEM 6644.

SCHOOLS

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead. Tel. HAM. 2019. Freedom & self-government for day children and weekly boarders. Small classes. Tuition fee 27½ gns.; weekly boarders, 30 gns. extra a term. Headmaster: J. East.

'GLENMORE', Brighton Rd, Crawley, Sussex. Nursery and Prep. School. Day & Boarding. Children from 2½ yrs. This school is suitable for artistic and musical children.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charmouth, Dorset. School farm, T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys & girls 9-18. Principals Carl & Eleanor Urban.

NEW Sherwood School, Epsom, parent-owned, progressive and co-educational, encourages children to explore their world and master its skills with friendly co-operation rather than authoritarian pressure from staff and parents. We welcome inquiries from parents of genuinely progressive outlook who wish to take an active interest in the development of their children.

THE Town and Country School, 38-40 Eton Avenue, NW3 (SWI 3319). Small group weekly or full boarders accepted, boys and girls 5-18. GCE Advanced and Scholarship standard. Week-ends & sum. holidays. Hedgerley Wood, Chinnor Hill (16 acres woodland, Chiltern Hills, 750ft). Realistic approach to modern education. E. Paul, PhD; M. D. C. Graham, MA (Oxon).

RUDOLF Steiner Schools Fellowship – Education for children from the Nursery to University Entrance. Information regarding the educational work of Rudolf Steiner Schools, reference books, availability of Lecturers, etc., can be obtained from the Secretary, Wyastones School, Waddon, Gloucester.

PERSONAL

THE NERVE CENTRE

87 Westbourne Terrace, London, W2
Tel. AMBassador 4041

Relaxing and stimulating therapies. Manipulation, Massage. Ask for brochure.

FAMILY, 5 children 17-2 yrs, would be glad to find student willing share work & holiday end July-end August, S. Wales. Please interview Coghill, 138, The Grove, Ealing, W.5.

M/CYCLIST offers free trip Cont. Aug. anyone (m) varied interests. Box 1121.

WOULD-BE Author with unusual material for anecdotage but style constricted by overlong habit using legal and business jargon seeks co-author, not hack or ghost. Box 1059.

YOUNG lady, graduate of University, would like to teach French or Latin in a Private School or family during summer holiday. For full details, write: Miss Romano, Cottolengo 4, Cuneo, Italy.

COUPLE+baby seek holiday ideas September. Near London – some baby-sitting. Stevens, 41 Park Parade, NW10.

BORED sedentary worker wants active evening or week-end work. Caretaking or domestic considered. Box 1084.

POTTER with kick-wheel would like share in studio. 'Phone CUN. 6140.

UNIV. lecturer, wife, daughter req., furn accom. for July, N. Lond. Box 1099.

PAMPLONA. Car seat for aficionado 3 July, return Barcelona 25 July. Box 1151.

YNG couple req. seats in car, co-driver, N. Spain. BAT. 7497. Rich.

PLANNED Families Booklet free. Write Court Surgical Stores, Ltd, 12 Marriott's Court, Manchester, for price list of our surgical goods, etc.

1 or 2 rooms, sunny garden, 4 min. walk from Dollis Hill (Bakerloo). Rent c. 25s., £2 or less if small help given. Suit writer, tutor, secretary (tel.) or other prof. practical woman. One, pref. with car, mt also work with libretto/lyric writer NW1 having good piano &/or have there advanced graduate help in own work (langs, lit., drama, music, philosophy, e.g.). Box 1135.

WANDERLUST economically and efficiently nourished with appropriate tickets, etc., by Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1 (behind Peter Robinson). LANgham 3101. No booking fees.

GUITAR (Garfield-Howe Group), all grades, 4-7 Jul. at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; 11 Jul. 'Roman Britain'.

C'EST pas cher! Rely on Riviera Parker! A flat, house for holiday 2 wks or for ever. Parker, 1 Rue Brûlée, Antibes, A.M.

PERSONAL Printed Stationery at prices you can afford. Send for sample range today. Solace Ptg Co., 12a Fordwych Rd, NW2.

GERMAN High School boy, 16, wishes spend August with Engl. family. Exch. or payment. International Youth Library, 11a Kaulbachstrasse, Munich.

SEAT for male, car tour via Brussels 23/7-9/8, driver, 30's pref. Box 1064.

MOSCOW by road, 2/3 weeks commencing 2 Aug. Cambridge graduate (mid-thirties) and friends, both sexes, seek others interested in inexpensive holiday. Box 1119.

M/C. area: bach. 26, grad., sks compan. (m) wk-ends., holidays. Sept. Box 1071.

YOUNGSTERS (7-18) Country House Party. Ponies to ride; Dances, Fancy Dress, Square and Ballroom Dances, organised outings and games, from 27 July to 21 September. For particulars apply The Secretary, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. Tel. Harlow 24511.

VILLA/flat required French Riviera sleep min. 6, month August. Tel. HOL. 5350.

SOLICITOR, wife in business, boy 8, offers small flat in period house Brentford, Middlesex, plus food and pocket money in exchange housekeeping: daily kept. Child welcome in holidays or might suit couple where man own job. Box 1060.

FOREIGN student offered bed & bkfast free for part-time help. GLA. 1019.

2 Families travelling train Venice 15 Aug. (2 wks plus) seek others to complete party for reduced fares. Dyer, Malting Mead, Mill Lane, Harlow, Essex.

PERSONAL happiness, social harmony, racial, religious and moral tolerance are all interdependent! Do you agree? Write Secretary (A), Progressive League, 20 Buckingham St, WC2.

YOUNG Bombay student seeks accom. in family at p.g. Hampstead area. Box 1120.

CHILDREN'S Seaside Holiday School. Every care. 4-12 yrs. Thanet House, 18 Callis Court Rd, Broadstairs. Thanet 62783.

BED-Wetting can be stopped by wonderful new method as discussed on BBC Television. Free information, write to Enurex Co., 119 Oxford Street, London, W1.

PERSONAL—continued

YOUNG man (29) visiting Highlands and Edinburgh Festival by car (August) seeks companion (m.). Box 888.

STUDENT (f.) wanted to join 2 m. & 1 f. walking Austrian Alps 14 days in July-Sept. inc. Box 846.

CONVERTED sailing barge, sound hull, 90 ft. Moored ½ hour Piccadilly. Elec., h.w., etc. £950 or offer. Box 1148.

FOREIGN girls seek domestic posts, pref. 'au pair' Anglo-Continental Bureau, 148 Walton St, SW3. KEN. 1586.

YNG man, 31, middlebrow sks similar (m.) for econ. holiday 12-27 July. Box 907.

YNG Lady teaches French privately. W1 area. Mod. terms. S.a.e. please. Box 1003.

ANGLO-French ménage (Coventry) invite paying guest 3 weeks July. English-French tuition if reqd. £7 p.w. Box 1005.

UNIV. family, son 8, offer hospitality younger child, nationality unimportant. Write Henderson, 79 Brompton Rd, SW3.

INFORMAL music group – players invited (all standards). Mrs Dunn. HAM. 8109.

FAMILY of four planning spend 15 Jan.-15 May (approx.) on or near French Med. coast. Take house, cottage or (socialist) en famille. Tourist attractions unnecessary. Limited resources. Suggestions? Write Air Mail, Box 934, Wellington, N.Z.

BACH. (27) sks. similar, genial, for 1½-2 wks. seaside hol. Aug./Sept. Box 881.

CAMBRIDGE undergraduate sks. vacation post as tutor-companion in return for board-lodgings, London. Box 834.

MARK Gerson, AIBP, ARPS, photographer of literary and stage folk, would be pleased to send his price list of Portraits for Publicity. 61 Seymour St, W1. PAD. 2708.

THE Art of Seeing. Readers impressed by Aldous Huxley's account of how his sight was saved by the methods of the late Dr Bates, the celebrated American oculist & author of 'Good Sight Without Glasses' may be interested to know that this technique is practised by the Misses Scarlett (LANgham 3626 and Brighton 52663).

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St, WC1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

ALEXANDER Technique. Eric de Peyer, 7 Wellington Sq., SW3. SLO. 3141.

CAMERA repairs for amateurs and professionals. Also good selection of s/h equipment. Camera Advice Centre, 54 Park Road (cont. Baker St), NW1.

BURGESS Hill School Camp near Livorno, Italy. 29 July to 28 Aug. Inclusive fee 40 gns. Apply: The Secretary, Burgess Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, NW3.

JOURNALIST writes speeches, reports, articles, etc. Write Box 6993.

RESIDENT domestic helps from abroad; Beckenham Bureau: Beckenham 8329.

FOREIGN girls, domesticated and willing, long/short periods available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd, SW7. KNI 4132.

TYPEWRITERS, Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

BOYS and Girls enjoy holidays – 1958 at Pippins, Axminster, 23 July to 3 Sept. Strachan, Creek Vean, Feock, Truro, C'wall.

SPEECH and Voice Training; Stage and TV actress gives private tuition. Write BCM/LHKQ, London, W1.

YOU can speak Italian effortlessly in 3 months with Setogni or your fees refunded. Telephone WEL. 7411 & 2.

LYRICS and sketches required. Scripts to Irving Theatre, Leicester Square, WC2.

DUREX gloves and rubber surgical appliances sent under plain cover. Write or call for our free price list now. Fiertag, Dept. N.N., 34 Wardour St, London, W1.

UP The Creek – or across the Channel – Atalanta, Fairey Marine's wonderful 26-foot sailing cruiser, will take your whole family in comfort and safety for the finest holidays you've ever known. Use Atalanta as a caravan to trail to your cruising grounds and home again. Atalanta's cost is only £1,675, plus sails, and engine if required. Extended credit terms are available of course. Write for literature to Dept. ATA8, Fairey Marine, Ltd., Hamble, Hants.

STORIES wanted by the Agency Dept C.20 of British Institute of Fiction Writing Science, Ltd, Regent House, Regent St, W1. We negotiate suitable work on a 15% of sales basis (no reading fee), unsuitable work returned with reasons for rejection. We also offer an interesting booklet giving dets & fees for our Courses & Criticisms, & success letters from students.

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HUMANISM – a modern outlook. Write to Ethical Un. 13 Prince of Wales Tce, W8.

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Sailing 26 July, 65 gns. Visiting Riga, Moscow and Leningrad. Early application advisable. Also a few places left on our 18-day Sea Holiday to Leningrad and Moscow, leaving 20 June and 22 August, 65 gns.; and 15-day Air Holiday, 112 gns.

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You can still be included on one of our inexpensive Air Charter Holidays to the Italian Riviera (departures 20 June, 4 and 18 July, 1, 15 and 29 August or 12 Sept.) or on some of our other Good Value Holidays in the Sun (Italian Riviera or Adriatic, Costa Brava, Yugoslavia, Southern Austria). Costs from 27½ gns. by rail, 43½ gns. by air.

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1,300 miles south to the sun
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MADEIRA
Searching for something out of the ordinary this year? Here then is a golden opportunity to visit Madeira, the most beautiful sub-tropical island in the world, where you can enjoy a luxury holiday at considerably reduced fares. Every hotel offers reasonable rates and retains a high standard of comfort, food and service. It is never too late to holiday in Madeira.
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GRANADA'S International Holiday School offers during August & September Spanish language courses by University experts, painting, literature, guitar, flamenco & dancing, Fiestas, excursions to Cordoba & Sevilla, the unexplored Alpujarras on mule-back, unique Spanish baroque tours. Stay as long as you like: spend as little as you please! Dets (Intl Reply Coupon): Instituto de Lenguas Modernas, Apartado 244, Granada.

NO need to worry about losing cash abroad – 7s. 6d. covers up to £100 against loss or theft of cash, T/cheques, tickets. Ask for leaflet. W. Winning, Insurance Broker, 40 West Nile Street, Glasgow, C1.

ITALY by Air. It is now possible to visit Florence and Rome by Air for 16 days at economy rates for 48 gns. or Rome and Naples visiting Capri, Sorrento, etc., from 53 gns – both 16 August. For details of these and other flights or low-cost travel by train, e.g., Florence-Pisa-Siena-Rome 15 days 37 gns or individual travel please send sae to Education Travel, c/o CT Bureau, 36 Hampstead Road, NW1.

COPENHAGEN: 15 days (incl. couchettes and boat trip to Hälsingborg, Sweden) for only 29 gns! 11 days, 26½ gns. Vacancies 12 July and later. Details from Protravel, 12 Gt Castle St, Oxford Circus, London, W1. (behind Peter Robinson) Langham 3101.

IAN Mercer has written 'Europe on Wheels' for the economical traveller. He never recommends a hotel or restaurant that he has not visited personally. 5s. from newsagents and bookshops or 5s. 6d. by post from H. Marshall & Son. Ltd, Temple House, Tallis St, London, EC4.

WHERE TO STAY

COTSWOLDS: Country house in lovely surroundings. Own produce. 7-7½ gns. Reduction students willing give some help. Steanbridge Nr. Stroud, Glos.

SOUTH Cornwall, Gerrans Bay, facing Portscatho. Unique private position on farm overlooking secluded beach; modern Countess 4-berth Caravan to let; fully equipped. Free 21/28 June, 6 gns., 12/26 July, 7 gns. p.w. Reply Box 1018.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully & remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains nr Llyn Gerionydd. Modern comfort, very good food & fires. Friendly & Informal. 6/7 gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw, Llanrwst 166.

SURREY. Wonham House Hotel, Godstone, in beautiful surroundings 22 miles Lond. Ideal for wkend or restful holiday. Comf., gd. food. AA, RAC. South Godstone 217011.

SUSSEX Downs. Monks Rest Guest House (17th Century), Jevington, the village in the Downs. Easy access Eastbourne. All comforts. Brochure. Polegate 178.

OLD Norton House Hotel, on the Green of the famous seaside village, Rottingdean, Brighton. Imaginative & plentiful food; tasteful atmosphere; cent. hg. Fr. 8½ gns. Brochure. Tel. 3120. Prop. D. Chapman, MP.

BABIES' Cottage Hotel. Happy nursery life while parents on holiday. Marguerite Hirst, Well Yard, Beyton, Bury St. Edmunds.

SWANAGE Vegetarian Guest House overlkg sea. Continental cooking. Children welc. Golding, 'Waveney,' Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

SUSSEX. Whinrig Guest House, Horam, 12 miles Eastbourne. Everything home-made. Vegetarians welcome. From 6½ gns.

N. Devon central. B. & B. moderate. Shute, 'Sunset', Pilton West, Barnstaple 2510.

KENT for holidays, convalescence or res. Every comfort in beau. surroundgs. Own farm, woods & gardens. Naylor, Low Wood Guest House, Bethersden, Ashford.

LONDON, WC1. Ambassadors Hotel. Bed and Breakfast. Single room 28s. Double room 54s. No surcharge. Nr Kings X, Euston and St. Pancras Stns. EUS. 1456.

CORNWALL, nr Penzance. 2 mls superb beach. Large guest house, children welcome, Open all year. Tel. Germoe 3193. Ye Olde Vicarage, St. Hilary, Goldsithney.

LITTLE Guide to Village Inns, Farms, Hotels on & off the beaten track round Britain's coast & country, 5s., pge 4d. from Victor Hilton (N.S.), Harbourside, Torquay.

BOURNEMOUTH, Connaught Court, W. Cliff. Tel.: 1944, 33 rms. 150 yards sea front; Gdns, Putting grn, Garages. Superlative food. June 9 gns. July/Aug. 10-12 gns.

RECUPERATION at Higham House in 53 beautiful acres. Comfort, rest, exercise. Entirely vegetarian. Farm eggs and milk. Treatment if desired. Health lectures. Write for terms and brochure. Higham House, Salehurst, Robertsbridge, Sx. Robertsbridge 126.

PRIVATE residence. Every comfort in homely atmosphere. 12s nightly. 10 St George's Avenue, London, N7. Tel. until 1 p.m. NOR. 1883, after 1 p.m. NOR. 5480.

BED and Breakfast guide to Great Britain. Essential for tourists 96 pages, 2s. 10d. post free from Ramblers' Association, 48 Park Road, London, NW1.

LAKES Mans. Beaut. view, mod. furn. Reas. terms. Croft Hotel, Ambleside 2334.

RIVERSIDE Chalet, twin beds, quiet and beautiful surroundings. B.B. 8 gns. p.w. for two. 'The Pergola', Marlow, Bucks. 'Phone Marlow 347.

I.O.W. Brighstone Lodge Gsthse. Secluded grounds, easy reach sea. Exc. food, comf. assured. Brochure tel. Brighstone 305.

ENGADIN. Alpine village offers restful holiday amidst lovely flowers. Comf. accom., delicious food, moderate terms. Write Hotel Meisser, Guarda, Engadin, Switzerland.

DOLOMITES, near Cortina. Flat 5 rooms, 7 beds in chalet outside village. Available July & second half Sept., £2 daily incl. maid. Balogh, Balliol College, Oxford.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

CANFORD SUMMER SCHOOL
OF MUSIC
Director of Music: Noel Hale, FRAM
10-24 August

Weekly courses in music and dancing at Canford School, Wimborne, Dorset. Lecturers include: John Alwstrong, Cecil Aronowitz, Michael Bell, Arnold Bentley, Archie Camden, Dorothea Campey, John Gavall, Ernest Hall, Jan Kerrison, Lawrence Leonard, David Martin, Muir Mathieson, Robert Noble, Sydney Northcote, Anthony Pini, Herbert Price, Franz Reizenstein, Layton Ring, Matyas Seiber, Barbara Slawinska. Come and enjoy a musical holiday amidst beautiful countryside. Fees: 10 gns. per week.

Write for prospectus to:
The Organising Secretary (Box 27),
20 Denmark Street, London, WC2.

FABIAN Summer Schools 16-23 Aug., Oxford, 'Progress in a Democratic Society', Arthur Blenkinsop, C. A. R. Crosland, Hugh Dalton, Roy Jenkins, J. D. Stewart, Richard Wollheim. 23-30 Aug., Steyning, 'The Challenge of Co-existence', Peter Calvocoressi B. H. Liddell Hart, Brewster Morris, V. Nekrasov, John Parker, Victor Purcell, Michael Shanks. Details 11 Dartmouth St., SW1.

HOUSE Party Holidays. Enjoy an informal, inexpensive house party by the sea in Britain either for weekends or for longer holidays, or join a Continental house party in Italy, Switzerland, Sweden or Austria. Opportunities for foreign language practice. Costs from £2 15s. in Britain or from 27½ gns. abroad. Erna Low, 47(HP) Old Brompton Rd, London, SW7. KEN. 0911.

'ITALIAN Study Circles' at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; other courses incl. Painting, Weaving, Poetry, Philosophy.

ST Peter's Loft, St Ives, Cornwall. Fine Art trainin; studio, Workshop & Pottery, Peter Lanyon-William Redgrave. Drawing, Painting, Portraiture, Still-Life, Abstraction, Landscape, Preparation of materials. Lectures, Pottery, Accom. arranged.

NEWLYN Holiday Sketching Group, 5 May to 12 Sept. 1958. Daily expeditions with tuition. Large studio. Beginners welcomed. Book for week, fortnight or longer. Prospectus from Director, Gernick Field Studio, Newlyn, Penzance, Cornwall.

POTTERY. Five on a course for a week with John Shelly. Throughout summer. Brochure: Church Cottage Pottery, Winterbourne St Martin, Dorchester.

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COVENT GARDEN OPERA

16 & 19 June at 6.0 — The Trojans (revival)
17 June at 6.30 — Tristan und Isolde (in German)
20 June at 7.30 — La Traviata (in Italian)

Two cycles of The Ring, 19, 24, 29 Sept., 3 Oct., and 6, 7, 9, 11 Oct. Box Off. open until 30 June for subscription bookings only. Single perf. bookings from July 1

THE ROYAL BALLET
(formerly Sadler's Wells Ballet)
18 June at 7.30 and 21 June at 2.30 and 7.30 — The Sleeping Beauty

THEATRES

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Mn./Fri. Evs 8, Sat. Sn., 5, 8. Something's Burning. Mems.

IRVING, WHI. 8657. Non-Stop Glamour Revue. 2nd Yr Fr. 2.30, Sn. 4.00. 7th Ed. Call or send 27s. 6d. for membership, tkt.

ROYAL Court. SLO. 1745. Evs 8, S. 5 & 8, W. 2.30. 'Flesh to a Tiger'. Last wk. Com. 18 June, Joan Plowright in Ionesco's 'The Chairs' and 'The Lesson'.

THEATRE Royal, E15. MAR. 5973. Evgs 8. Sat. 5 & 8. 'A Taste of Honey.'

TOWER 8 p.m., 27, 28 Jne, 2, 3, 4, 5 Jly. Mats 3 p.m. 28 & 5 only. Shakespeare's 'The Winter's Tale'. Theatre garden if fine: theatre if wet. CAN. 5111 (3475 bef. 6) Canonbury Place, N1.

UNITY. EUS. 5391. Heartbreak House, Bernard Shaw. Thurs.-Sun. 7.45. Mems.

CONCERTS

3 Concerts conducted by Pierre Monteux at Royal Festival Hall. Fri., 13 June: Overture. Euryanthe - Weber, Enigma Variations - Elgar; Violin Concerto - Tchaikovsky. Mon. 16 June: Pelléas & Mélisande-Fauré; Gigues, Rondes de Printemps, Ibéria - Debussy; Violin Concerto - Tchaikovsky. Mon. 23 June: Introduction & Wedding March - Rimsky Korsakov; Piano Concerto No. 1 - Tchaikovsky; Symphony No. 2 - Sibelius. Soloists Zino Francescatti, Clifford Curzon. London Symphony Orchestra. 5s.-30s. WAT. 3191/agents.

LONDON Bach Society. St. Bartholomew the Great, EC1. Wed. 25 June, at 7.30. Song of the Soul (Rubbra), Cantata No. 105 (Bach), Stabat Mater (Berkeley), Benedic, Anima Mea, Dominum (Milner). Soloists: Kathleen Aitken, Harry Brown, David Price, Roger Stalman, Rachel Payne. Riddick Orchestra. Cond.: Paul Steinitz. Admission by programme 5s. and 3s. 6d. in advance from Agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd. (WEL. 8418) or at Church on night.

BEN Uri Orchestra. Concert at Mahatma Gandhi Hall, 41 Fitzroy Square, W1. Sunday, 15 June at 8 p.m. Prog. includes Beethoven Symph. No. 2, Wilfred Josephs Sinfonietta, and operatic arias. Conductor: Sidney Fixman. Soloist: Sylvia Veronique (soprano). Tickets 3s. 6d. to 15s. at door.

VAN Cliburn in his Tchaikovsky Contest, Moscow, Prize-winning programme including Piano Concertos No. 1 (Tchaikovsky), No 3 (Rachmaninoff). London Philharmonic Orchestra. Conducted by Kiril P. Kondrashin. Royal Albert Hall. Sun. 15 June at 7.30 in the presence of HE The American Ambassador. Tickets 3s. 6d. to 15s., Hall (KEN. 8212) & Agents.

THE Garden Players present 'The Pleasures of Vauxhall', music by Arne, Boyce, Dibdin, Handel, Hook & Storace. On 16-21 June at 8.45 p.m., in the gardens of 31 & 31a Frognal, NW3. Tkts 5s. at gate or from the Hampstead Travel Agency, 42 Heath St, NW3. HAM. 6065. Indoor Concert Performance if wet.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ACADEMY Cinema (GER. 2981). Morning Shows daily 11 a.m. (ex. Suns), Films on Art and Life in the Middle Ages (U).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Resurrection Series. Until June 15: Carné's 'Quai des Brumes' (A) (1938). From 16 June: Will Hay in 'Oh! Mr. Porter' (U) (1939).

ROXY, Bayswater 2345, W/c 15 June, B. Lancaster, T. Curtis, 'Sweet Smell of Success'. Edwd G. Robinson, 'Nightmare'. A.

PYGMALION reading of one & only, with Ellen Pollock; Shaw Society, 7 Albemarle St, W1. 27 June, 7 p.m. 2s.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Dancing, today, 14 June, 8-11 Mems 3s. and their guests 5s.

EXHIBITIONS

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St George Street, W1. Poliakoff - First London Exhibition of Paintings & Gouaches. 10-5.30. Sats 10-1. Until 20 June.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Allan Ramsay, Painter-in-Ordinary to George III. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 21D bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED'S new reproduction Rembrandt's Self Portrait from Kenwood House, 26½in. × 22½in., 66s. & 9s. 4d. tax. Illus. catalogue 1s. 6d. from 11 Great Turnstile, WC1.

STANLEY Spencer Exhibition. Extended one week until Sun. 22 June. Over 70 works, in the Church & Vicarage, Cookham, Berks. Daily 11 a.m. (12 noon Sundays) to 9 p.m. Admission 2s. 6d. in aid of Church Buildings Fund.

LEICESTER Galls, Leics. Sq. Paintings by Keith Vaughan and Terry Frost. Drawings by Camille Pissarro. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

RUSSIAN Hand-painted Miniatures on Lacquered Boxes, Exhibition and sale. Medici Galleries, 7 Grafton Street, W1. 5-18 June. Sat. 10-1.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork Street, W1. Designs for My Fair Lady & other productions, by Cecil Beaton; New Paintings by Denis Bowen; Objective Still-lives, by Paul Feiler. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1. Closes 28 June.

ANTIQUARIAN Book Fair, 6-21 June. National Book League, 7 Albemarle St, W1. ABA members display rare books, mss, all prices. Adm. free. Mon.-Fri. 11-6.30. Thurs. 11-8, Sat. 11-5.

PAINTINGS from the Niarchos Collection. An Arts Council Exhibition. Tate Gallery. Till 29 June. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Sun. 2-6. Ad. 2s.

WADDINGTON Galleries. Alva: Recent Images. Daily 9.30-6. Saturday 9.30-1. 2 Cork Street, W1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, NW1. Exhibitions: William Harvey, Tercentenary Exhibition; Electricity in the Service of Medicine; and other exhibitions. Mon-Friday 10-5, Adm. free.

SLATTER Gallery, 30 Old Bond Street, 1958 Exhibition Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sats 10-1.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay St, W1 (GER. 3529). Paintings by John Bailey.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond Street, W1. Important drawings, paintings and sculptures offered for sale in Exhibition of XIX & XX Century European Masters—Bonnard, Degas, Kokoschka, Matisse, Munch, Picasso, Pissarro, Renoir, Rouault, De Staël, Utrillo, Van Gogh, etc., and two new sculptures by Henry Moore. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-12.30.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Brasilia - Photographs and a Model of the new capital. Till 28 June. Daily 10-6, Saturdays 10-1. Admission 1s., members free. Library: Drawings by Peter Smithson.

CONTEMPORARY Distractions. Exhibition by Alan Smith from 11-24 June at Primavera, 149 Sloane Street, SW1. Daily 9.30-5.30: Sats to 1 p.m.

DRIAN Gallery, 7 Porchester Place, Marble Arch, W2. Vera Haller: Till 28 June. Kiriaki: 16 June-28 June. Daily 10-7 including Saturdays.

ABSTRACT Impressionism. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St James's Square, SW1. Till 28 June. Mon. Wed. Fri. Sat. 10-6; Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman Street, W1. Sculpture and Drawings by Zehava Elath. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until 29 June.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

UNIVERSITIES & LEFT REVIEW CLUB
'SEX AND SOCIALISM'
JOHN SLEY MARTIN
Mon. 16 June, 7.30 for 8 p.m. Adm. 2s. Members 1s.
Shaftesbury Hotel, Monmouth St, WC2

ULR International Forum. 'Lebanon and the Cold War': Hussein Hallak (of Ba'Th Socialist Party in Britain). LBC, 7 Carlisle St, W1, Thurs. 19 June, 1.15. Adm. 1s.

ULR Education Group. 'Education and the School Curricula.' Thurs. 19 June, 6 p.m. LBC, 7 Carlisle Street, W1.

LONDON Schools Left Club. Fri. 20 June 5.30 p.m. Benn Levy on 'The Bomb'. LBC, 7 Carlisle Street, W1. (School Students only.) Adm. 9d. Members free.

SOUTH African Freedom Day. Public Meeting. Friends House, Euston Road (opp. Euston Stn). Thurs. 26 June, 7.30 p.m. Speakers: Canon L. John Collins, Dr André Ungar, E. S. Sachs, Barbara Castle, MP, Mr Vella Pillay, Chairman: Dr Guy Routh. Messages from South Africa. Friends of African freedom cordially invited. Organised by The South African Freedom Association (SAFA), 51 Deansway, London, N2.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Basil Davidson on 'What Has Happened in France', Wed. 18 June, 7.30 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. Vis 2s.

BRITISH Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship, 7.30, Thurs., 19 June, ULR Club, 7 Carlisle St, W1. R. Sorensen, MP, on The Yemen. Adm. 1s.

'DIVORCE in England Today': O. R. McGregor: Ch. Lord Meston. 7.30 p.m. 16 June. Conway Hall, WC1. Marriage Law Reform Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W8.

BRITISH-Asian and Overseas Socialist Fellowship. Public meeting with Jayaprakash Narayan, Arthur Bottomley and Kenneth Younger on India Today at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, SW1. Wednesday, 18 June 7.30 p.m. Admission free.

'THE Right Way to Slim', Dr Douglas Latto, Caxton Hall, Mon. 16 June, 7.30 2s. 6d. London Natural Health Society.

'WOMAN'S Problem with Man - & Herself': Oscar Kollerström. Lecture at Caxton Hall, Caxton St, SW1, 17 June, 8.30 p.m. Silver collection.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gardens, W11. PARk 7696, Fri. 13 June, 8 p.m., Bishop Bessak Toumayan: 'The Armenian Church'. Fri. 20 June, 8 p.m., Prof. Sir Isaiah Berlin: 'States of Mind in Russia Today'.

ICA, 17 Dover St, W1. Graham Hough: Reflections on a Literary Revolution. Thurs. 19 June, 8.15. Adm. 3s. Members 1s. 6d.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Duke's Ave, Muswell Hill, N10. Sun. 15 June, 6 p.m., Sri Jayaprakash Narayan of India speaks on 'The Spiritual Idealism behind the Bhoodan Movement'. Nearest Tube Stn: Highgate. All welcome. Vedante magazine 2s. 6d.

INDIAN Institute of World Culture, Fri. 20 June, 8.30 p.m. Mr Eric J. Batson will give readings from 'My Good Books'. Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gdns, Paddington, W2. All welcome.

LECTURES on H. P. Blavatsky's Writings, 8 p.m. Sun. 15 June: The Theosophical Movement. ULT, Robert Crosbie House, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St, W8, Sun., 15 June, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m.: Peter Massie: 'An Experiment with Teenagers'.

BUDDHIST Society, 58 Eccleston Square, SW1. Public lecture, Wed. 18 June, 6.30 sharp: 'Zen and Theravada,' M. O'C. Walshe. Read 'The Middle Way', leading Buddhist journal in West, 2s. 10d. quarterly, post free. Book now for Summer School, Hoddesdon, 22-29 Aug., £8 12s 6d. inc. Inf. TAT. 1313.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, SW1. 21 June at 6 p.m.: Mme R. Bédarida (Alliance Française): Y a-t-il un 'féminisme' français?

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian dialogue. H. J. Blackham and J. B. Coates on 'Should the Humanist Movement take Political Action?'. Wed. 18 June, Conway Hall, 7.30 p.m.

S. PLACE Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., WC1. 11 a.m. Sun 15 June. Archibald Robertson, M.A. 'The Kingdom of Darkness. Write for free 'Record'.

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'LIVING With Reality' is the theme of the Annual Conference of the Rationalist Press Association, to be held at Girton College, Cambridge, 8-12 August 1958. Speakers include Prof. H. Levy, Prof. H. J. Eysenck, Hector Hawton, Ronald Fletcher, O. R. McGregor. Full details from Sec., RPA, 40 Drury Lane, London, WC2.

CONFERENCE, 28 June: 'Psychology and the Social Worker'. Partics.: Social Science Tutorial College, 11 Old Bond St, W1.

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